Nathan Glazer on Equality

LIBRARY
JAN 22 1979
HILLSDALE COLLEGE

The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

FORMERLY THE ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

The Hon. Teddy and the Camelot Buncombe

***Karl O'Lessker*: Carter—The First Biennium**

***John R. Coyne, Jr.*: Inside Ford's White House**

Jacques Barzun, James Buckley, Alistair Cooke,

Eugene McCarthy, John Toland, Tom Wolfe,

And Others Recommend Books for Christmas

Vol. 11, No. 12 / December 1978 / One Dollar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• October was a very good month for *Rattus norvegicus* (wharf rats), *Ursus horribilis* (grizzly bears), and thousands of constipated canines now residing in New York City, for on October 15 the redoubtable United Nations came closer than ever to adopting a Declaration of the Rights of Animals. What a marvel. No twelve drunks gathered at any point in recent history could have envisaged it. Yet the buffoons of the East River Asylum mulled over it without a laugh, not even a snicker. The charter was weighed at a typically solemn UNESCO meeting. Why no TV coverage? Imagine the scene as the magnificoes padded around on the plush carpets of their great assembly room issuing sonorities about the immorality of "people going on vacations and abandoning their dogs." A minor transgression some would say. A transgression unlikely to fetch the interest of countries like Sri Lanka, India, or the Central African Empire, but fetch their interest it did. And had the charter been adopted, such atrocities would have become offenses against UN law. So would have "animal experimentation involving physical or psychological suffering" which is "incompatible with the rights of animals." The charter tip-toed round the issue of whether it is ethical to kill animals for food, but it strongly implied that New York City's laws against defecating dogs are *malum prohibitum*. "Animals are coming out of the ghetto in which human beings penned them," Miss Caroline Daigueperse, president of the International Juridical Institute for Animal Protection, proclaimed. Alas, all that saved every zoo keeper in the world from the calaboose was the reminder of a brave UNESCO bureaucrat that the motion to adopt the charter was out of order. Perfect justice for the wharf rat will have to await 1979.

• Advocates of prison reform rejoiced at the October 7 conviction of the Rt. Hon. Charles C. Diggs (D-Mich.) on 29 counts of fraud and perjury. The distinguished solon now faces a total of 145 years in the slammer and a possible fine of $191,000, making his avoidance of incarceration unlikely and bringing ever closer the day when our prison population—long one of the least represented minorities in our democracy—will finally have a voice in the U.S. House of Representatives. Some progressives were rendered dyspeptic by the conviction, notably Mr. Diggs, who alluded to vindictiveness from "the white establishment."

• Americans got another glimpse of the fabled Carter charm when Miss Lillian hit the campaign trail for Connecticut Governor Ella Grasso and expressed amazement upon discovering that Governor Grasso was not "a great big fat person, sort of sweaty." Evidence of the fatal hazards of jogging accumulates, yet the federal government's goody-goody agencies do nothing. Late in the month, Congressman Bill Burlison (D-Mo.) keeled over in the midst of a 7,500-meter run in Sikeston, Mo., and was hauled off to a local hospital where he was pronounced in critical condition with heat stroke. Earlier in the month, Congressman Ralph Metcalfe (D-Ill.), a former Olympic runner, died of a heart attack; and on October 11 the most notorious jogger in the U.S. House of Representatives, Congressman Goodloe E. Byron (D-Md.), suffered a similar conclusion. The untimely curtailment of Congressman Byron was particularly distressing to the nation's Ponce de León adepts, for he was felled while in the very act of jogging. He was only 49.

• The loss of Congressman Byron, 26 days before election day, temporarily left unopposed one of the freshest faces to come to Maryland's political scene in years, that of Republican Melvin Perkins, a man totally insulated from special interests and without compromising assets of any kind. This Common Cause dream candidate is an utterly shiftless indigent, who, unable even to pay his $290 filing fee, filed as a pauper. Upon hearing of the congressman's death, the GOP candidate promptly gathered his earthly belongings into a shopping bag, enscribed simply "M. Perkins," left his flophouse in Baltimore's famed "peep-show district," and entrained for Washington to claim "my seat and my salary."

• Alas, Mr. Perkins was barred from taking his seat, set upon when he attempted to pay his respects at the Byron funeral, and almost immediately faced with the dubious democratic precedent of being forced to run against Mrs. Byron in the November 7 election. Still, the liberals and progressives have sounded no tocsin of righteous indignation. No defense of Mr. Perkins has been made in the *New Republic*, and no ad hoc or emergency committee is even on the drawing board. "It took a congressman to die before anyone paid any attention to me," quipped the tousle-haired, 55-year-old retiree at a hastily called press conference in the lobby of the Armistead hotel, and as the assembled reporters kept their hands over their wallets, testimonials rang out. "A very untidy person," declaimed Mr. Norman Meyers, the hotel manager, "he's made my life miserable." "The sloppiest man...I ain't never seen one worse," allowed a woman who apparently sought anonymity from behind a faded drape by the front door. "He ain't nothing but a louse," shouted a Mr. Carl Smerz, who claims to have shared a bottle of wine with the candidate on prior occasions.

• Yet despite the good-natured badinage, Mr. Perkins faces an uphill fight, having been, as he puts it, "deserted by the Republican Party" and marked for extinction by the Baltimore Establishment. The harassment has been intolerable. Twice his shoes have been stolen since the campaign began. His bicycle was destroyed, and just before Mr. Byron's death the GOP candidate was locked away in the Baltimore County hoosegow on a mysterious charge of assaulting a lady bus driver. Yet the liberals do nothing. Mr. Perkins has a steel-trap mind, a homey command of the language, and is no fool when he deals with the press. When a reporter from the right-wing *Washington Star* taunted him with the surly question, "Where did you get those pants?" he replied with the laconic wit of Camelot: "Don't be a squirrel. That ain't the issue. Let's get it over with. My girl friend give me these green pants. Her other boy friend is in jail and she give me his pants. OK, so they're too big. But they're clean, ain't it?" Still the liberals are unmoved, though you can be sure that Pravda and Andy Young are watching. When our Senior Publisher Baron Von Kannon called the Washington offices of Common Cause and suggested united action on behalf of this uncommon candidate, Mr. Von Kannon was discourteously rebuffed, and when he asked the Baltimore Civil Liberties Union to intervene, the BCLU gave him the old cold shoulder—perhaps because Mr. Perkins has heaved no bombs and uses only the most chaste expletives.

• Such moral indolence does not exist in Chicago, however. There, the indigenous Civil Liberties Union got word that city employees had erected a reviewing stand for a tribute to the newly-elected Pope, and duly sued Chicago Mayor Bilandic for violating the separation of church and state. Once more we are saved from Popish contrivances. The House Assassinations Committee ended its public inquiry into the death of President Kennedy after indulging and pondering every crank theory ever associated with the murder, including the theory that the President was done in by an exploding umbrella. Most notable of all the committee's revelations was the revelation that immediately after the autopsy JFK's brain vanished, a thought that sent many Kennedy maniacs to their prayer chambers.

• In one of those moments of quiet bravery seen too rarely in the U.S. Senate, the representatives of the sovereign states voted for a 39-month extension for ratification of the ERA, a demonstration of democratic devotion that was accomplished only after the assembled patriots had put down a devious scheme by anti-democratic forces intent on allowing states to rescind previous ratifications. On Capitol Hill, Senator Birch Bayh, the most anurous and strenuous advocate of the bill in the Senate, popped champagne corks and pronounced that "the system had worked." And that the senator knows how to work the system there can be no doubt. On October 16 the Senate Committee on Ethics gingerly transported Senator Bayh's Koreagate testimony to the Justice Department in a plain brown envelope. The Senate will leave it to the Justice Department to adjudge whether some form of perjury resides in the senator's slippery statement, it being well known that our senators recognize perjury only with the greatest difficulty.

• The House and Senate investigations into the so-called Koreagate scandal ended on an eerie note when it was discovered that the only two solons whom the legislators definitely judged guilty of actionable offenses—Senator Hubert Humphrey and Senator John McClellan—had died months before. Three congressmen were singled out for reprimands, though they seem to have suffered no ill effects from the judgment. The real culprits behind the Koreagate affair appear to be members of the press, who, according to the Rt. Hon. William Clay (D-Mo.), by their sensationalism encouraged a "sham" and a "mockery." At any rate, the 95th Congress adjourned on October 15, and the whole mob quickly absconded to their constituencies or their vacations, leaving Washington bartenders much the sadder and Washington secretaries much the safer. Hail Columbia!

—RET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor-in-Chief
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Senior Publishers
Ronald E. Burr
Baron Von Kannon
of the Saturday Evening Club

Publisher
Whit Stillman

Managing Editor
Steven C. Munson

Assistant Managing Editor
Erich Eichman

Business Manager
William B. Head

Production Manager
K.J. Gooderham

Executive Secretary
Deborah S. Grubb

Circulation Manager
Janet M. Novey

Senior Editors
A. Lawrence Chickering
Adam Meyerson
Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor
Elliott Banfield

Americana Editor
Joseph P. Duggan

Associates
Robert Asahina, Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr., John R. Coyne, Jr., Alan Reynolds.

Contributors
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Christopher C. DeMuth, Terry Eastland, Jerry Gerde, K.E. Grubbs, Jr., Neil Howe, Roger Kaplan, Terry Krieger, William Kristol, Leslie Lenkowsky, A. James McAdams III, Robert McTiernan, Judy Mathews, Rev. George Nathan, William H. Nolte, Terry O'Rourke, Marc F. Plattner, G.W. Plunkitt, Peter J. Rusthoven, Benjamin Stein

Legal Counsel
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • • •

The American Spectator *was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it* The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.* The American Spectator *is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.*

A one-year subscription (twelve issues) costs $12, outside the United States $13. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to The American Spectator, *P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, (812) 334-2715; New York office, (212) 724-3799. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.*

Microfilm editions of The American Spectator *are available from Xerox University Microfilms, 200 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. ISSN 0148-8414.*

Published remarkably without regard to sex, life-style, race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin.

Copyright The American Spectator *1978.* *Volume 11, Number 12, December 1978.*

C O N T E N T S

Carter: The First Two Years ..... Karl O'Lessker 5
Is Jimmy Carter the "Dumb Ford" or the "Smart Harding"?

A Mole's Eye View of the Ford White House..... John R. Coyne, Jr. 9
Were joke-writers really needed in the Ford White House?

RFK: Ruthlessness Reconsidered..... Stephen Miller 11
When does a passion for the poor leave off and the passion for power begin?

Voices of Solitude: The Modern Latin American Novel ..... Nöel M. Valis 14
The monologues of Carlos Fuentes, Gabriel García Márquez, Manuel Puig, y otros.

Christmas Book Recommendations .....E. Digby Baltzell, Jacques Barzun, James L. Buckley, Alistair Cooke, Jack Kemp, Eugene J. McCarthy, Richard Pipes, William A. Rusher, Paul Seabury, John Toland, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Peter Viereck, Edward O. Wilson, and Tom Wolfe 16

Mid East Countdown ..... John Nollson 23

Departments

The Continuing Crisis..... 2

Editorial / The Hon. Teddy and the Camelot Buncombe ..... R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 4

The Talkies / *A Wedding* ..... Ben Yagoda 20

Capitol Ideas / D.C. Democracy: One Man, Two Votes ..... Tom Bethell 21

Spectator's Journal..... 40

Index for Volume Eleven..... 42

Current Wisdom ..... Assorted Jackasses 45

Book Reviews

The Pursuit of Equality in American History, by J.R. Pole..... Nathan Glazer 24

La Nouvelle Censure, by Jean-François Revel, *Demain le capitalisme* and *Autogestion et capitalisme*, by Henri Lepage, and *L'Établi*, by Robert Linhart.... Roger Kaplan 26

Murder of a Gentle Land, by John Barron & Anthony Paul and *Cambodia: Year Zero*, by François Ponchaud ..... William Murchison 32

Summons of the Trumpet, by Dave R. Palmer ..... George S. Patton 34

The Camp of the Saints, by Jean Raspail..... A. Lawrence Chickering 36

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hon. Teddy and the Camelot Buncombe

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

It is the palmy spring of a college boy's sophomore year. He is somewhat of a chucklehead, owing to the fragrances of the season and the rising beauty he spies whenever he approaches a mirror to subdue his stubble. Tonight there is an irresistible swelling within his epigastrium, and so he sits down to his desk and unbosoms himself thus:

"Euphoria reigned; we thought for a moment that the world was plastic and the future unlimited.

"Never had girls seemed so pretty, tunes so melodious, an evening so blithe and unconstrained."

Here, to be sure, is a sophomore on the make. A small ocean of beer will disappear and many wary coeds will render him absurd before the season passes. Yes? No!

The above sentimental skip comes from no college boy at all—my little joke, if you will. It is the production of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian full of years and unnumbered solemn experiences. Moreover, Arthur is not writing about adolescent amour; the screwball writes about politics! Years ago Arthur became a fool for Camelot, much as the Good Book enjoins us to become fools for Christ. When he was young, Arthur was considered the most intelligent, discerning, and readable historian of his generation; but he was chloroformed by Camelot, and for two decades this American Tacitus has been on twenty-four hour call, always ready and willing to put a gossamer of grandeur on the empty deeds of three rogues whenever the call from Hyannis Port would come in.

Since the early 1960s the Camelot buncombe has served as ritualistic liberalism's *Tafelmusik*, reliably providing a reassuring backdrop for Arthur and his fellows as they mechanically patter on about an "equitable distribution of the wealth," the urgency of "radically reforming the system" (their system I might add), injustice, cigarettes used indoors, and so on. Balanced minds dismiss the buncombe out of hand as a congeries of affecting illusions adhered to by liberals with a taste for soap opera. Yet the thing keeps coming back—usually at election time—and the claims made for whichever Kennedy is the Kennedy of moment grow increasingly nauseating and outlandish. Is the Camelot buncombe ever to be lifted? Quite possibly not. Its current living legend, the Hon. Teddy, is only in the vestibule of middle age. If he does not suffer the cruel fate of his brothers, and if he lives out his years in the manner of Papa Joe and Mama Rose, he will be inspiring dithyrambs far into the 21st century. By then the brats will have come of age and Camelot will thus be carried on towards the 22nd century. It is enough to make one yearn for the crack of doom.

What precisely is Camelot? If, like me, you are the sort who invariably feels a flutter of alarm extending onto nausea when confronted by, say, a Seventh Day Adventist, you may not have pursued this question. Certainly you would never pursue it with one of Camelot's songsters. So allow me to intervene and bring forward one who has, the eminent James MacGregor Burns, Ph.D. It is his view that Camelot is "an imperishable memory" for generations of Americans. Admittedly that is not a pleasing thought. Yet in the course of my professional inquiries I have now been obliged to steep myself in the lore of Camelot, and I must admit that Dr. Burns might be right. If so, we can do no less than thank him for the memories, for since the late 1950s he has dedicated his life to keeping the "imperishable memory" imperishable and inaccurate. He too is a fool for Camelot, a born fool in this case, and to read his slathering glorifications of the Kennedys is to be reminded of the heights that Bathouse John Coughlin and Hinky Dink Kenna might have scaled had there been a Dr. Burns at large in Chicago's First Ward in the 1890s. As is the Camelotian custom, Dr. Burns' flame burns most brightly during election year; he is the proud author of *John Kennedy: A Political Profile* (1960) and *Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy* (1976). Two volumes of kisses and curtsies.

But for the exertions of Dr. Burns, Mr. Schlesinger, and hundreds of lesser patriots, the aforementioned generations of Americans might actually forget the memory. Even worse they might remember. For instance, they might remember the origins of Vietnam, the FBI's nocturnal knock on the door, the harassment of civil-rights leaders, the harassment of the press, the Vienna meeting with Khrushchev, the Bay of Pigs disaster, the ceaseless deception, the bellicose sonorities, the tumescent expectations, the cruel disappointments, and the ruinous decade that followed. It was a decade during which the loyal troopers of Camelot kept recasting "the memory," dropping episodes now discredited, adding episodes theretofore undreamt of, forever assuring the memory's capacity to tantalize the eternal juvenile that frolics in the soul of every ideologue.

Camelot is the pornography of American politics, always promising the unattainable and rendering those who participate inflamed, infantile, and ludicrous. At its core is a mob scene of delusions. Dr. Burns' maunderings in one book alone (*Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy*) convey Camelot's idiot essence, as with vast solemnity he notifies us that Camelot's first prince "hated cant and sentimentality and blather." John Kennedy "spoke with such force and gaiety and pointedness, he quickened the best impulses and spurred the energies of his generation." But then too "there was a sense of distance, of reserve, of separation"—and yet "engagement." Camelot was "a special style": "of coolness and commitment, of involvement and detachment." Ye Gods! It was "a brief and shining moment." The room spins. Robert Kennedy was "the existential hero." Spots appear before the eyes. Ted Kennedy possessed "valiance of the highest order." The walls grow hair, and still this clown will not shut off...Kennedy I was "the rhetorical radical," also "the policy liberal," then again "the fiscal moderate," and lest we forget "the institutional conservative." Gangway! Every man for himself! There are some of us who cannot swim.

Every year a journalist or a historian turns over another rock, revealing ever more evidence of the fundamental imprudence and occasional stupidity of the Kennedy ménage. Still the fabulists will not relent. You want biographies? We have biographies. You want reminiscences? We have reminiscences. How about movies? Statuettes? Tee shirts? Naturally there is poetry, a full volume of the stuff commemorating JFK and duly introduced by the indefatigable Arthur who so loves life that he read such wonders as the following and did not leap out a window:

> He sort
> of embodied
> the air he sort
> of embodied the
> air where democracy
> stood tall, Jefferson
> and Robert Frost were
> his advisers, he sort
> of clearly gave evidence of
> wit and democracy....

In all the postwar period the only idolatry comparable to Camelot in tawdriness, senselessness, and longevity is the idolatry of Elvis Presley—though on this point Arthur would grow fussy. Camelot is devoted to the plain folk, to be sure, but even Camelot has its limits.

(*continued on page 37*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Karl O'Lessker

Carter: The First Two Years

Is Jimmy Carter the "Dumb Ford" or the "Smart Harding"?

Despite the Miracle at Camp David, there seems to be general agreement that Jimmy Carter is the most incompetent President since Benjamin Harrison and possibly since James Buchanan. It is not a question of intelligence or character, for by all accounts he has plenty of the former and at least enough of the latter to qualify him for the company of most of his post-Wilson predecessors. It is a question of competence—the ability to perform the basic tasks of the office. By this measure he is an almost total, unredeemed failure. What is more, he appears incapable of learning from his mistakes; instead he compounds them. And as if unsatisfied with his own shortcomings, he has recently begun to imitate those of his fallen predecessor, Richard Nixon. How else are we to explain his newfound penchant for lugubrious self-congratulation on his own "courage," as when, in the purest Nixonian accents, he assures us that he will be taking great political risks by vetoing excessive spending bills coming out of Congress?

But it is important not to get sidetracked by questions of style. The mortal problems of Carter's presidency are those of procedure and substance rather than public relations. Unfortunately, that truth has not yet penetrated the heavy walls of the White House. It is all too clear—and all too characteristic—that Carter and his advisors have interpreted their nearly unbroken string of failures as essentially a consequence of inadequate PR. And so instead of firing Frank Moore they hire Gerald Rafshoon. The grotesqueness of it leaves one gasping for air.

Had Mr. Carter attempted, with his vaunted engineer's cool intelligence, to analyze the causes of his signal lack of success after the first year in office, he would have come upon at least one important insight. It is that in order for a contemporary President to have any hope at all for a successful administration—that is, to be able to carry out a fair proportion of his policy goals and maximize his political influence—he must be institutionally strong in two key areas outside the White House: He has to have a tough, effective Office of Management and Budget to serve as his administrative right arm, and he has to have a good working relationship with Congress. The former provides him with whatever slim hope he may have for exercising some control over the bureaucracy; the latter offers him his only hope for influencing the broad sweep of domestic policy. Lacking these two institutional strengths, no presidency has even a prayer of winding up with a favorable balance sheet.

Karl O'Lessker, senior editor of The American Spectator, *is professor of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University. He was a Carter supporter on the 1976 Democratic Platform Committee.*

How then did the newly-elected Jimmy Carter set about to equip himself in these two vital respects? To the directorship of the OMB he appointed a small-town, wheeler-dealer crony with a gift for gab, and when this curious appointee turned out to be morally, and perhaps even legally, unsuited to the job, Carter replaced him with still another Georgian with absolutely no pre-1977 experience in the federal government, one James T. McIntyre, Jr., an honest technician almost wholly lacking in the training and force of personality needed to dominate the tumultuous satraps in the bureaucracy. Little wonder, then, that, as David Broder recently reported on the basis of conversations with former senior officials in OMB, the "professional cadre at OMB" is in the process of "disintegration."

But Carter's mishandling of OMB is positively Paganinian compared to his approach to Congress. To start with, he chose as his chief of congressional liaison a minor Georgia bureaucrat, Frank Moore, who, to the best of anyone's knowledge, had never set foot in Washington except possibly on his high school senior class trip. All he knew about Congress was what he knew about the Georgia legislature—literally less than nothing, because he brought to his new job, not merely an absence of knowledge, but a truckful of gross misconceptions based on his Atlanta experience. Predictably, his and his boss's grotesque misunderstanding of so complex an institution produced almost at once a shambles in presidential-congressional relations. Carter well-wishers (I stubbornly among them) insisted that a bit of seasoning in the job would soon put it all aright. "Jimmy's just so darn bright," they would say. "He'll catch on to the President-Congress game in a hurry." A fast learner. A quick study. An engineer's steel-trap mind. And so it was that after 20 months in office, in the late summer of 1978, Jimmy Carter finally succeeded in alienating his staunchest supporter in—and the most powerful member of—Congress, Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill. How? Simply by firing an O'Neill protegé as deputy administrator of the General Services Administration—less than a day after Frank Moore had personally assured O'Neill it wouldn't happen.

The point is not, of course, that a President must under no circumstances remove an unfit bureaucrat who happens to enjoy the support of an influential member of Congress. Rather, it is that there are well-established ways—for example, a quiet private meeting with the Speaker, explaining the situation and offering a less sensitive post to his client—of accomplishing the desired end that do not involve public humiliation of the President's most important ally in Congress. Consider, too, that this monumental blunder occurred, as I have said, not in Carter's (and Moore's)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first few weeks in office, but after more than a year and a half of the most intensive apprenticeship and painful experience of mistakes. Surely something more than red-dirt stupidity is involved in a debacle of this magnitude. Not even sheer congenital incompetence seems an adequate explanation. Instead one is forced to posit an arrogance so massive as to be deranging—a hypothesis the evidence for which was only reinforced in mid-October, when Carter himself put the word about that his only mistake in dealing with Congress in the previous year was that he hadn't been tough enough—hadn't vetoed enough bills or cancelled enough water projects. It remains to be seen whether this blinding insight on Carter's part will lead to some more auspicious outcome than the open and active enmity of the Speaker of the House (as exemplified by his leading the fight to override the President's veto of the public works appropriations bill). If presidential success with Congress is measured by the number of vetoes he can keep from being overridden, Carter may well enjoy a marginally successful next two years. But if his ambitions extend to a rather more substantial statutory legacy than a weakened national defense and a litter of fractured water projects, he has already ensured for himself a bitterly unhappy retirement.

Why do men run for the presidency? We should like to think that it has something to do with strongly held policy or even philosophical views, but we find little warrant in history for thinking so. To the contrary, consuming personal ambition seems to have been the principal motive for all but a handful of aspiring Presidents since George Washington. The paradigmatic case in our own era may well be John F. Kennedy. After running furiously for the office for almost four years prior to his 1960 election, Kennedy sat down with his advisors only *after* the election to figure out what his forthcoming administration ought to do. In Jimmy Carter's case, all accounts agree that the driving force behind his candidacy is best expressed in a phrase borrowed from a novel by Arthur Koestler: "After all, why not?" I am not being smart-alecky about this. You will search the record exhaustively but in vain for any *policy* ideas underlying the Carter quest for office other than the triviality of administrative reorganization and vague aspirations toward "human rights" and tax reform. (Note, however, that the one really useful outcome of the first—civil service revisions allowing incompetents to be transferred or fired—was devised, not by Carter or any of his intimates, but by Alan Campbell, the new chairman of the Civil Service Commission. Carter himself was preoccupied with shuffling boxes on an organization chart, because that's what he had done in Georgia and it seemed to work all right.) But it is ludicrous to suppose that any of this constitutes rational motivation for seeking the presidency.

None of this is meant as a diatribe against ambition in politics, which is neither more nor less admirable than ambition in business, the professions, or love. The Carters, Kennedys, Nixons, and Humphreys of this world are perfectly entitled to seek the highest prize in their chosen line of work and go after it by every available legal means. What distinguishes Carter from his predecessors is his degree of ignorance about the office. Kennedy, as I have said, had no very clear ideas about what he wanted to accomplish in the presidency, but at least he had spent 14 years in Congress and had a pretty good idea of what games were afoot. Humphrey and Nixon were exceptionally well-informed and had a sense of what they wanted to do differently from what was being done, even if it could not be said that it was their policy convictions that impelled them to seek the White House. But it is no exaggeration to say that, relative to the breadth and complexity of the problems facing a President in a given era, Jimmy Carter is the most ill-prepared man ever to win a major party nomination for the office in American history. And what makes his ignorance all the more dangerous are the related facts that he has no sense of how much he doesn't know, and that he has perfect confidence in his ability to unravel the greatest complexities with minimal outside assistance. All in all, an ideal prescription for precisely the kind of shambles that the Carter presidency has been in its first two years.

For an object-lesson in how to turn a promising new presidency into a shambles, consider the ill-omened Carter energy plan. Shreds and tatters of it have finally been enacted by Congress and it is likely to do neither harm nor good. What is so appalling about it is the way it was put together—ignorance coupling with fanaticism in an act of conception as obscene as anything to be found in an adult book store. Recall that Carter entrusted overall responsibility for producing the plan to his then energy advisor, James Schlesinger, who delegated most of the actual drafting to one S. David Freeman. Now Schlesinger, so far as anyone can make out, is simply a power-seeker of surpassing arrogance, a man utterly lacking in philosophy but attractively anti-Soviet in p- -grammatic terms, and therefore admired by that sort of litmus-test conservative who will forgive a man any enormity so long as he bawls a loud enough "never trust the Bolsheviks" line. In fact, Schlesinger is the worst kind of statist, an advocate of the most ruthless state intervention in the economy so long as he is running the bureaucratic machinery. Only by understanding this can we understand his siring of what became the Carter energy program, a program the only two certain results of which will be an enormous increase in federal tax revenues and a concomitant increase in the size and power of that segment of the federal bureaucracy headed by none other than James Schlesinger.

A more sinister aspect of the origins of the program has to do with the person and beliefs of its chief architect, S. David Freeman. In a brilliant article, entitled "The Energy Debacle," in the August 1977 issue of *Harper's*, Lewis Lapham politely termed Freeman "a fervent advocate of environmental reform." But in fact he is a fanatical advocate of the small-is-beautiful, Club of Rome, limits-to-growth doctrine cherished by the New Class. From 1971 to 1974 he was head of the Ford Foundation's Energy Policy Project, which culminated in the publication of a book called *A Time to Choose*. Freeman sent a copy to then Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia who, Lapham reports, "carried it around with him as if it were as precious to him as the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr." And so it was that its author became a policy advisor to candidate Carter in 1976 and went on to serve as principal drafts-man of the Carter energy program. And so it was that this program rejected energy development for energy conservation, rejected (contrary to Carter's explicit campaign pledge) a more free for a less free energy economy, and proposed extortionate new taxes and a huge new bureaucracy to tighten the government's stranglehold on society.

But that only makes the plan stupid and dangerous; what makes it sinister is its role as a way-station on the road to S. David Freeman's "zero energy growth" society recounted in *A Time to Choose*. Interested readers should consult Chapter Four of that work for details. Here, let me only say that Freeman's scenario would entail, *inter alia*, an end to suburban development, the prohibiting of private automobiles in cities, federal investment of uncalculated billions of dollars in construction of New Towns and rebuilding of railroads, a sharp cutback in air travel, a freeze on nuclear-plant construction, strict limitations on new coal production, and an "energy sales tax" rising to 15 percent by the end of the century. *Inter alia*! And this book was the consciousness-raiser for Jimmy Carter in what might be the most vital field of domestic policy over which a President could have influence.

This is not to say that Carter should have had any particular expertise in energy matters back in 1974. Nor is he especially culpable for having been, in his pre-presidential ignorance, favorably impressed by this Ford Foundation policy extravaganza. What is so dismaying is what all this reveals about the mind-set of the man, willing to accept as gospel truth an utterly one-sided interpretation of an extraordinarily complex set of problems, and apparently never imagining that he, as President, had any need or obligation to seek adversary views on any of it. Here, surely, is a degree of arrogance hardly paralleled in the history of the presidency.

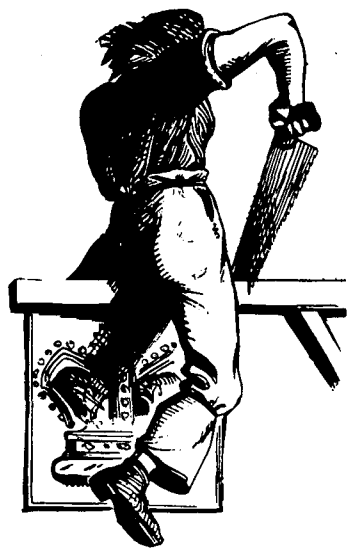
But the worst of it, in terms of policy process, is yet to be told. George and Joan Melloan, in their excellent book, *The Carter Economy*, offer a particularly revealing insight when they note that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the energy package, which in reality was an enormous tax program, was not discussed with the [President's own] economic advisers until Mr. Blumenthal and Mr. Schultze wrote a stiff note of protest. Just two weeks before the package was sent to Congress, the two were invited to sit down with the President and, in a four-hour session, managed to rein a few of the excesses of Energy Adviser Schlesinger's staff.

It is worth considering what that little tale tells us about Jimmy Carter's grasp of public policy and about his vaunted administrative talents. Surely not even the most untutored peanut farmer could fail to notice that there would be large economic consequences of a program that might impose as much as $80 billion in new taxes. Yet it apparently never occurred to Carter to seek counsel from his top economic advisors. Or is it possible that he had permitted himself to be persuaded by James Schlesinger that the economic impact wasn't really worth considering? Either explanation is horrifying to contemplate. Both bespeak an appalling lack, not of knowledge, but of judgment.

And that is precisely the point of the most damning indictment of Jimmy Carter's presidency. In order to be at least minimally competent in any new job, one has to have some sense of what one doesn't know and then take steps to fill in the gaps. But not only has Carter not acted in that fundamentally prudent fashion in energy and other major policy areas, he has refused even to contemplate doing so. Hence the historic incompetence of his administration in its first two years.



A different, almost equally disturbing, measure of incompetence emerges from an analysis of Carter's budget-making. Even after his inauguration he continued to pledge a balanced budget by fiscal year 1981, and within three months of taking office he provided the nation with solid evidence of his intentions in the revisions he proposed (in April 1977) to his predecessor's budget requests for FY 1978. Far from proceeding along the essential (if we are *ever* to have a balanced budget) path of budget austerity laid down by the outgoing Ford administration, Carter requested a spending increase of almost $20 billion and an increase in budget authority (i.e., committed future spending) of almost $27 billion. And this, let us note, in the context of a defense *cut* of almost $3 billion in budget authority. Thus, what Carter proposed last year was an increase in domestic spending commitments of nearly $30 billion—and all the while still prating about a balanced budget by FY 1981. (Congress, of course, went happily along with the Carter requests for higher spending; almost certainly it would have sharply increased the Ford requests if the election had gone the other way.)

Nor is Carter's FY 1979 budget encouraging, despite its accompanying rhetoric. (Characteristically, many in the news media have joined George Meany in complaining that the Carter budget isn't very different from Ford's. The ludicrousness of this is obvious enough: Carter has asked for $33 billion more in actual outlays and almost $50 billion more in budget authority than the Ford administration projected for its FY 1979 targets.) Consider the following summary figures:

	1978 (latest estimates)	1979 Carter proposals
Budget authority	$502.9 billions	$568.2 billions
Outlays	$462.2	$500.2

To be sure, a good chunk of those proposed increases is due to inflation. But even taking inflation into account and controlling for mandated increases in existing programs, the Carter budget still calls for almost $8 billion in *brand-new* outlays and almost $30 billion in *brand-new* budget authority, in just one year. The proper complaint, then, of organized labor and its congressional and news media allies is that Carter has not proposed boosting federal spending fast enough to suit their champagne tastes. But only by that absurd measure can this budget be called "austere" or "restrained."

Note, too, that Carter has lowered his anticipated budget deficit for FY 1979 by $10 billion from the $61 billion deficit he originally proposed last January. By reduced spending? No. Instead, this exercise in fiscal responsibility is to be accomplished by not cutting taxes as much as he had at first requested. So the government will have just as much to spend on *its* pursuits. The citizenry will have less.

There is a deeper meaning to these aspects of fiscal policy and it has little to do with Jimmy Carter's lack of competence. The case could be made, in fact, that Carter has succeeded in concealing a positively McGovernite expansion of the welfare state behind a fog-bank of limited-government rhetoric. Consider the single largest departure he has made from the FY 1979 budget that Gerald Ford left behind—the big boost in spending on employment and training programs. Ford's $5.6 billion for CETA in FY 1977 became Carter's $9.6 billion in FY 1978. And where Ford had called for a total phaseout of public service employment by FY 1979, Carter requested (and Congress largely granted) an 8.2 percent increase over last year's allocation, bringing total CETA spending to $11.3 billion and outlays for just the public service employment titles of the act to $6.2 billion. And all this, let us recall, at a time of sharply declining unemployment. The projected result? The creation—by its proponents' own estimates—of 660,000 public service jobs, at a cost to the taxpayers of $9.4 million for each one of these low-paying positions.

But there is a larger problem with Carter's CETA than even its outrageous cost. The administration's version of the program (which Congress has clearly improved in its recently enacted reauthorization) is predicated upon a misconception of the nature of unemployment in America today. Our severest difficulties lie in what is called *structural* unemployment—that is, people unable to find work because they have no skills to offer in the job market: the black teenage high school dropout is the clearest example. *Cyclical* unemployment, by contrast—exemplified by the auto worker laid off in bad times—is practically nonexistent today; indeed there are severe shortages of skilled and semi-skilled labor in many parts of the country as 1978 draws to a close. Clearly, these are very different ills and require very different treatments. Cyclical unemployment declines with a rise in aggregate demand (whether government-induced or not). But structural unemployment, in an age when the number of unskilled jobs has shrunk dramatically as a proportion of the total job market, is scarcely affected by a rise in aggregate demand. Instead, as employers seek more and more workers to meet production targets, they choose to pay double and triple overtime in preference to hiring unskilled workers of uncertain work habits. This means fatter pay envelopes for those who are already employed (and, incidentally, fuels inflation by raising the unit cost of production), but it does precious little for the young men and women in the ghetto. That is why any program designed to deal with structural unemployment must inevitably focus on providing job skills and motivation, enabling those who are presently "unemployable" to acquire a saleable commodity for the labor market.

Has CETA done this? Not even its most passionate advocates would argue that it has. In its first years (1974-1976) it served a useful—if exorbitantly expensive—countercyclical function, providing jobs for a small percentage of the people who were laid off during the sharp recession of those years. And state and local governments found it a modest bonanza in helping to cope with budget austerities caused by reduced revenues: They fired a number of employees on the regular payroll and rehired them immediately using CETA Title II and Title VI funds. →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

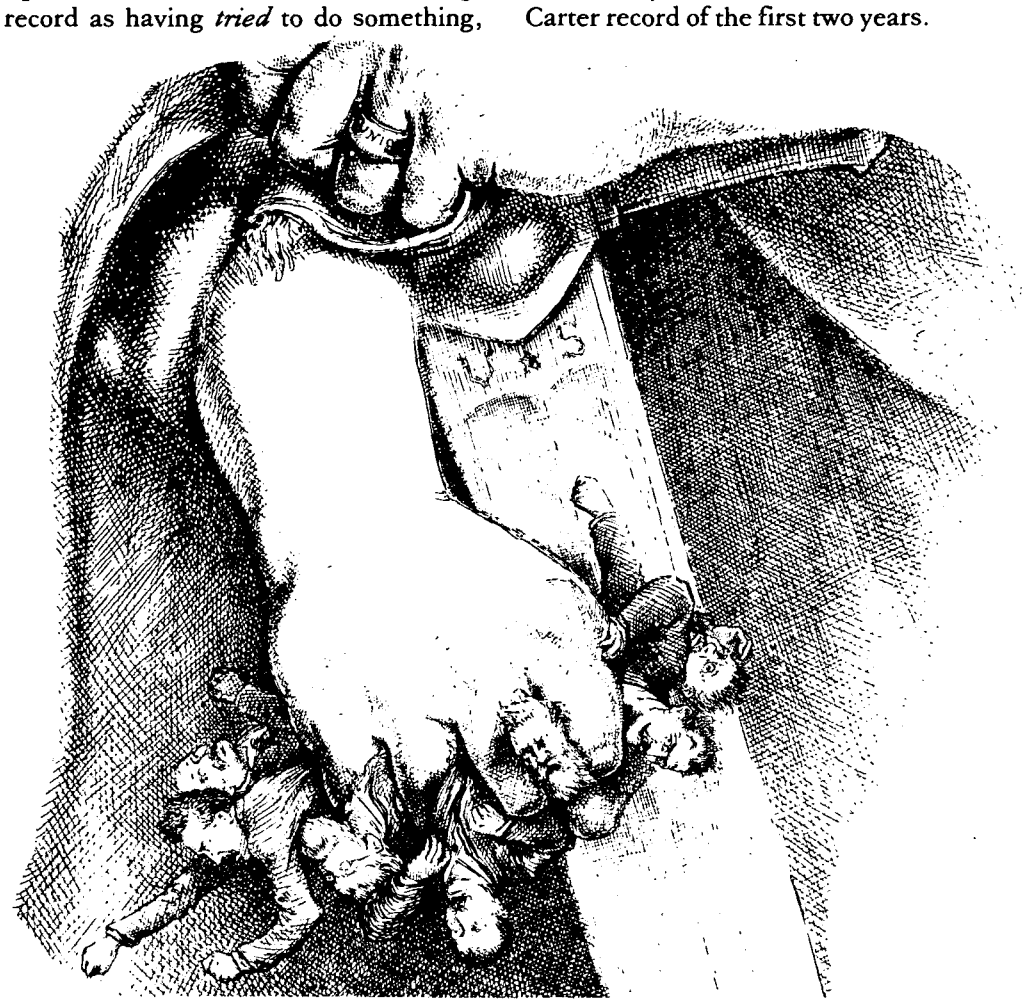
This, then, was the program that Jimmy Carter seized upon soon after his inauguration as the chief weapon in his fight against unemployment. And so it was that Ford's $2.8 billion for those titles in 1977 became Carter's $6.2 billion in 1979—with scarcely a dollar targeted on the structurally unemployed. Even the Brookings Institution, the very Vatican of liberal political economy, finds the Carter unemployment policy difficult to fathom. Writing in the Brookings volume on the 1979 budget, economist John L. Palmer finds: a grossly disproportionate emphasis on public service employment as against job training for the private sector; program designs that "do not appear to be well targeted on the disadvantaged and structurally unemployed"; and a "lack of consistency and integration between the administration's two separate public service employment initiatives under CETA."

There are two possible explanations for this abject and expensive failure, but the Brookings people are too circumspect to suggest them. One (again) is the President's appalling ignorance about matters he was elected to deal with and his apparent inability either to recognize his own ignorance or to seek wise counsel to help him through the darkness. The other is that he understands the problem, all right, but has caved in to organized labor's insistence on program designs that take little or no account of those who, if adequately trained, might become competitors to those who are already dues-paying union members. But whether the Carter incompetence in this policy area is intellectual or political in origin, it is we who must pay for it.

The list of Carter failures in domestic policy could be greatly extended, but I have chosen to address only those three that, by common consent, transcend all others in importance: energy, unemployment, and inflation. A word now about the last of these. In late October of this year, the President, having finally come to understand that inflation is a more pressing problem than unemployment, went on national television to unveil yet another in a series of grotesquely inappropriate plans to combat the erosion of the dollar. This one involved wage and price guidelines that were repudiated even before they were announced by most of labor and a large segment of industry. Nor could the response have been unexpected even in the White House. Why then bother? Because of the political imperatives: Carter *had* to do something, or at least had to go on record as having *tried* to do something, and the only thing that *could* have worked—a sharp reduction in the federal deficit—was simply not within the realm of the politically possible for a Democratic President confronting a Democratic Congress. Recall the hideous screams of the trade unionists, the civil-rights and poverty activists, and the liberal establishment generally when Carter proposed for FY 1979 "only" $8 billion in brand-new outlays and $30 billion in brand-new budget authority. Do we even dare imagine what the decibel level of the response might have been if he had actually attempted to carry out his pledge to achieve a balanced budget by FY 1981, an attempt that necessarily would have entailed spending requests much closer to Ford's than to his own? And yet in that way, and only in that way, can this or any other administration hope to put a clamp on inflation (and, not coincidentally, stop the collapse of the dollar in foreign money markets). That not being possible, the predictable Carter-Rafshoon approach was to go on television with a statement of pious aspirations—and then blame everybody else when, as it must, inflation continues its inexorable upward climb.

Three great challenges, three great failures. A handful of minor triumphs, a sackful of minor defeats. Has ever an American President compiled so dismal a record in his first two years in office? One hardly knows where to look for a comparison.

But it is to the next two years that we must turn our uneasy gaze. With a new Congress not markedly different in partisan character from the old, Jimmy Carter will once more have to figure out a way to win support for major, and very controversial, policy initiatives. Welfare reform and tax reform are carry-overs from the first biennium. More ominous by far, the specter of national health insurance looms up on the legislative horizon, with the bloated, menacing figure of Senator Edward M. Kennedy enveloped in its shroud; and Jimmy Carter is going to have to call on all his fabled wit to figure out a way to exorcise that demon in order to avert either (a) a budgetary disaster of the first magnitude, or (b) a Kennedy challenge to his own renomination in 1980. I have no idea whether he will succeed. But I can predict with a high degree of confidence that, if all he has learned from his first two years of combat with the Congress is that he has to "get tough" and veto more bills (always, of course, with Frank Moore as his point-man in the battle and with the deepening enmity of Speaker O'Neill), we can look forward to *both* a busted budget *and* a Kennedy on the ballot two years hence. That at least would be consistent with the Carter record of the first two years. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John R. Coyne, Jr.

A Mole's Eye View of the Ford White House

Were joke-writers really needed in the Ford White House?

Not long after Nixon boarded the last flight to San Clemente, an unpredicted torrential rain fell briefly on Washington. *Time* magazine brought out a special edition entitled "The Healing Begins." The Nixon pictures in the White House compound came down, and the Ford pictures went up. And Gerald Ford told us that "our long national nightmare is over." One unreconstructed Nixonite put it differently, however. "The Party's Over," he said. "Now, it's Bring on the Clowns."

For the first couple of weeks, nothing much happened, and then began the phenomenon of the appearing heads. The office door would open, and someone would put his head around the corner and look the office over very carefully, as if taking mental measurements. After a while the head would say something like, "Oh, excuse me," and then withdraw. I sat among my already packed boxes and watched the heads appear. During my months with Nixon I had kept a large photograph propped up against the wall. It showed Agnew, wrapped up in a black raincoat on an overcast day, scowling and squinting as he reviewed an honor guard of Portuguese troops, with long bayonets attached to their rifles. (He looked very *right* there.) The heads inevitably paused when they came to that picture.

For a time the heads appeared warily, and the lips didn't move. We were, of course, all under deep suspicion, the common assumption being that anyone sitting in those offices must have been in some way involved in bugging people, playing dirty tricks on them, and in general subverting the Constitution. Some of us, perhaps, could be rehabilitated. But it would require a lengthy period of intense denazification.

Throughout the compound, the purges of those publicly identified with Watergate and most of the new super loyalists began almost immediately. But the rest of us just sat and waited and watched the heads. Finally, one of them spoke. This head, from which the eyes seemed to protrude somewhat wildly, was attached to the body of Milton Friedman, an old Capitol Hill war-horse who had become Ford's chief speechwriter after Aram Bakshian and I had turned down the job. (That designation, while accurate on paper, is somewhat misleading. Ford's chief writer was actually Robert Hartmann, a former newsman of legendary drinking habits who insisted on having the final editorial say on any piece of writing before it went in to Ford.) Friedman was an older man, amiable, a gangling sort of fellow with an odd loose gait who frequently seemed to be arguing with himself in the halls. Peculiar things were always happening to Friedman. One night, for instance, he fell asleep on his office couch and awoke to find a mouse running across his face.

John R. Coyne, Jr., is an associate of The American Spectator *and a contributing editor of* National Review. *An expanded version of this article (copyright © 1978 by John R. Coyne, Jr.) will appear in his Washington memoir,* Fall In and Cheer, *to be published by Doubleday in January.*

Apparently, Dave Gergen, the last director of the Nixon writing department, who for the time being had been asked to stay on, had told Friedman that Bakshian and I were innocent of any Watergate crimes, and so it was safe to talk to us. (This was true, and it was one of the reasons we enjoyed working in the Nixon speech operation. Early on, Gergen told the writers that they were free to turn down any assignment connected with the murkier aspects of the Watergate defense.) Bakshian and I were, apparently, going to be asked to stay on, at least through the transition, and although both Bakshian and I had done a number of Ford's speeches, Friedman decided to offer us some advanced tutelage on the subject of writing for Ford.

Ford, he told us very seriously, suffered something called "swimmer's breath," the result of which affliction being an inability to make it all the way through a long sentence without drawing a shuddering gasp somewhere in the middle. Also, said Friedman, Ford was a very slow reader. So where it took, say, ten to twelve pages of speech text to get Nixon through twenty minutes, Ford needed only five or six. Further, explained Friedman, Ford had trouble with long or unfamiliar words or phrases, tending to get them tangled in his tongue. Ford's problems with words were to become legendary, as when he mentioned the disease "sickle cell Armenia"; introduced Elliot Richardson as "Elliot Roosevelt"; referred to the "great people of Israel" in a toast to Anwar Sadat; praised the "ethnic of honest work" in New Hampshire; and pronounced "holocaust" as "holy coast." Perhaps the single best one came at a White House breakfast, where he announced that Daniel Moynihan's successor at the UN "will follow the same policy of challenging some of the Third and Fourth World powers, calling a spade a spade." (As one newsman put it, he might as well have said the jig is up in Angola.) And once, in a speech to the Future Farmers of America, he suggested it would be advisable for us all to take "a trash inventory of our homes." (That's just about where Republicans are today.)

And so we wrote them short and simple. The problem was that there wasn't much of anything to say, and for a time neither the writers nor Ford's advisers could come up with anything. It wasn't Ford's fault, of course. After the sixties, after Watergate, after Nixon, there was simply no context left within which his presidency could sensibly fit. The Republican Party was—and remains—a shambles, an empty structure without goals, policies, or a coherent philosophy. Thus, when Ford broke out of the White House during the disastrous congressional campaign of 1974, and raced across the country speaking for every Republican in sight (many begged him not to come), he had not a clue as to what to say. Nor could the four of us who wrote his speeches manufacture a great deal. We tried various approaches, the most dependable being to look over the transcripts of the speeches as given on the previous day, picking out those sections we had written that he used—and therefore seemed to like—and working them into new drafts. →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then there was the problem with Ford's style. On the stump, he was an enigma. We wrote the speeches short and simple, careful not to trigger an attack of "swimmer's breath." But when he gave them, Ford suddenly seemed to develop a Fidel streak, rambling on at times for 45 minutes, swimmer's breath or no, picking up some of the prepared remarks and garbling them, frequently breaking down into total incoherence.

The problem was perfectly understandable. Having nothing to say, Ford, in desperation, kept pushing against the outer limits of the rhetorical barrier, hoping that somehow he'd break through into some sphere of sense and ideas. But he didn't, and we kept thrashing around for new approaches, each one worse than the one preceding it. It was this frantic thrashing that eventually led to my first personal falling out with the Ford people.

The problem began with Paul Theis, the new chief speechwriter, and ended with Robert Hartmann. Theis would fuss over drafts until the very last minute, crossing out anything remotely controversial and blanding them down until they were as innocuous as cottage cheese. At the other end Robert Hartmann, Ford's old adviser and crony from the Hill, guarded his position as final editor jealously.

Sick of the bland diet, I had written an Agnew-style conservative stem-winder for delivery in Utah, where Ford would be speaking for the senatorial candidate Jake Garn. It had been a long trip and Hartmann had looked at the draft too late in the day to do much editing. But one phrase had jumped out at him, something about the bureaucracy being "jerry-built" over decades. The point, apparently, was that someone would associate the "jerry" in "jerry-built" with Jerry Ford, and Theis had put in a panic call for me to come to his office to discuss the enormity of the implications. As he jabbered about it, the whole thing seemed so trivial and somehow extremely distasteful, and I swore and stamped out.

Later, after Ford had given my speech as it was written, Senator-elect Garn told CBS News on election night that he thought it might have been that speech, more than any other single factor, that finally helped put him over the top. I was pleased, of course, since no other Republicans in the country said that about any of the speeches Ford gave for them. But by then it was clear that I would have to leave soon, either voluntarily or by invitation.

One morning, I recall, a lady who was highly thought of by Ford and had been brought down from the Hill to help run the '74 campaign sent out an emergency call. She was being interviewed by a group of journalists and wanted us to write an explanation for her of what Ford meant by the phrase, "veto-proof Congress." This was one of the key phrases in the campaign she was helping to orchestrate—we were fighting for the survival of "the two-party system," one of the reasons being that "one-party domination" would lead to a "veto-proof Congress." And vice versa. It seemed incredible that this key adviser and strategist didn't understand one of the few things said during the campaign that made any sense at all. But in general, that's the way it seemed to be with the Ford people.

I had a four-martini lunch with a group of former Nixonites that noon, and in the afternoon I found that I couldn't hit the typewriter keys well enough to write the lady's paragraph on the "veto-proof Congress." Nor did I care in the least, I realized. And so, for the first time, another writer had to pick up my assignment. That would have appalled me during the Nixon-Agnew years. But by late 1974, with Ford in the White House, it didn't seem to make any difference. Once, when we all seemed involved in a civil war with the future of the nation at stake, even the silliest projects—making inserts, outlines, and cards, for instance—seemed imbued with at least a modicum of purpose and sense. But after Nixon-Agnew, for many of us, that was no longer true. There was no real purpose, no philosophical underpinning, no emotion; there were no programs or policies or goals; and it became increasingly difficult to write those senseless speeches, those silly jokes, the proclamations of National Pickle Week, those fudged-up signing or veto statements, those letters, TV clips, and telephone calls.

There was a great sense of drift in the Ford White House during those days, much of it the result of the hordes of people who wandered in and out, as Ford's advisers attempted to put together a staff. In the writing department, as in most other departments, the Nixonites were steadily purged well into 1975. Their replacements were often odd types, men who had grown old in hack jobs on the Hill or in the bureaucracy with a surprising number of quirks. The Nixon writers, each of them, had been people of ability, competence, and talent, and each of them had a sense of purpose, even if misplaced. But the Ford replacements were a different breed, frequently lending the whole operation an air of low comedy.

There was the man from one of the agencies who one day, while rumaging around his new office, came upon a man's black raincoat, in the pockets of which were a matchbook from a San Francisco topless bar and a pair of bikini panties. He burst into the secretaries' section of the chief speechwriter's office, waving the panties in the air, red-faced, and shouting about morality. The secretaries laughed at first, thinking he was joking. But he wasn't. "A *very* strange duck," said one of them later.

There was the would-be writer who briefly occupied Pat Buchanan's handsome old office. He was assigned a secretary, young and attractive, who had frequently filled in for the regular secretaries in various writers' offices, among them Buchanan's. This older writing tryout spent a good deal of time wandering around near her desk, where he engaged in a peculiar ritual. As he talked to her he'd unzip his trousers, then make various careful readjustments. Perhaps it was just an unconscious habit. Perhaps he had trouble keeping his shirt tucked in. But whatever the problem, it finally proved too much. He was badmouthing Buchanan, as he liked to do, and had gone through the zipper routine. The girl burst into tears. "At least," she sobbed, "Mr. Buchanan was a *gentleman*."

Stories of this sort floated through the early Ford White House. The guards of the Executive Protective Service, for instance, were horrified by the drinking habits of a trusted Ford aide, who, they maintained, was frequently seen in the morning drinking straight from a bottle he kept in a desk drawer. According to the guards, he encouraged his secretary to do likewise, and one of them claims to have found her one morning, passed out on her office floor with her skirt over her head. There had been, as the world knows, bad things happening in the Nixon White House. But they were of a very different magnitude.

Later, after Donald Rumsfeld got a firmer grip on things, the atmosphere reportedly improved somewhat. But there were problems to the end, many of them the direct result of the quality of the staff. The writing department, consistently one of the best and most effective under Nixon, never recovered, and to the end most of Ford's speeches were at best banal and at worst embarrassing. Paul Theis simply wasn't up to the job, nor was his successor, Bob Orben, the right man. Orben was a talented and well-liked professional. But he had made his reputation as a professional joke-writer who had once worked for Red Skelton, and he had originally been brought to the White House to undertake the futile task of making Gerald Ford funny.

There is something about a professional gag-writer working as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chief speechwriter for the President of the United States that just doesn't wash, something that at the very least should drive political presidential image-builders up the wall. During the primary campaign of 1976, several reporters with whom I had been traveling were passing around an ad, photocopied from the 1976 *Writer's Market*, a publication that solicits free-lance material. The ad read: "We are looking for funny, performable one-liners, short jokes, and stories that are related to happenings in the news....The accent is on comedy, not wit. The ultimate criteria [sic] is, 'Will this line get a laugh if performed in public?' Material should be written in a conversational style....We are particularly interested in material that can be used by speakers and toastmasters; lines for beginning a speech, ending a speech, acknowledging an introduction, specific occasions." The address of the organization placing the ad was Washington, D.C. The name of the organization was Orben's Current Comedy and Orben's Comic Fillers. The editor was Bob Orben, also Gerald Ford's chief speechwriter.

The writing operation is only a small part of the whole White House operation, but it can be an extremely important one, especially when the man you write for has no words of his own. Toward the end, Ford's advisers seemed to realize this, and began to search out talented people to help Ford get reelected. When they found them, they frequently also found that they were former Nixon staffers whom they had purged when they first came in.

My departure came in the winter of 1975. Bill Steponkus, a former speechwriter who had gone back to work on the Hill but retained close ties to the Ford people, called to tell me I would soon be getting my walking papers because "someone over there" didn't like me ("over there" was the West Wing of the White House). I never found out who it was. Some said Hartmann. But others in a better position to know said it was Donald Rumsfeld, Ford's chief of staff. As soon as Rumsfeld arrived, they said, he did a thorough staff review and was appalled to find not just a Nixon holdover but an Agnew holdover still on the staff. If it was a public relations liability for a Ford speechwriter to have written for Red Skelton, it was even worse to have worked for Agnew. But whatever the reasons, it made no difference. It was time to go. Everything had become trivialized, and now it was all equally important or equally banal—messages to Congress, WIN buttons, bikini panties. As Victor Gold, Agnew's press secretary, used to say, the elastic in my brain just wouldn't stretch any further.

The temptation, of course, is to blame Ford for the banality of his administration and to laugh along with those critics who liked to call him "a dumb Nixon." But you can't call a man who accomplished what he accomplished dumb. Nor was it his fault that he inherited an administration in disarray and disrepute. But there was something lacking, something we have come to look for in our Presidents. That may be unfortunate, but it's a fact of American life. Ford was a smart and successful man. But he lacked some extra dimension. Nixon may have been searching for the self he wanted to be in the eyes of others. But Ford never seemed able to decide on what self he wanted others to see. Hence, his terrible image-building problem during the primaries, when the same Ford never seemed to appear twice.

Nor did he ever successfully convince people that there was anything very much beneath the surface. The problem with Agnew and perhaps Nixon was the great gap between rhetoric and reality. Yet we always knew there was something struggling underneath. With Ford it seemed to be all rhetoric, with nothing special at all inside trying to get out. And in 1976, this was a distinct political liability. People had had enough of politicians saying one thing and doing another. But they had also had enough of politicians whose rhetoric and actions had nothing much to do with anything at all. People were hungry for character and intelligence, with those qualities precisely reflected in rhetoric and a program for the nation. The time was ripe for a new synthesis, a new context, and the old establishment politicians like Ford had had their day, a day that will probably never come again. □

Stephen Miller

RFK: Ruthlessness Reconsidered

When does a passion for the poor leave off
and the passion for power begin?

When he embarked upon his massive study of Robert Kennedy,* Arthur Schlesinger must have had his doubts. As a close friend of the Kennedy family, he must have wondered whether he was the right man for the job—knowing, among other things, that many readers would dismiss him as a court historian, regarding the twists and turns in his argument with more than a modicum of suspicion. It is to Schlesinger's credit that he faces this difficulty squarely; in the foreword he "declares an interest," confessing that he was "a great admirer and devoted friend of Robert Kennedy's." Since he was such a devoted friend, one can understand why he is at pains to convince us that Joseph Alsop was right when he said that so many people have Robert Kennedy "absolutely wrong." "They think," Alsop continued, "he is cold, calculating, ruthless. Actually, he is hot-blooded, romantic, compassionate."

In one sense, Schlesinger succeeds at his task; this reader at least ends up liking Robert Kennedy. But Schlesinger's book is not simply a memoir of Robert Kennedy as he and others knew him. It is an ambitious work of historical and political analysis, one in which Schlesinger labors to substantiate his claim that Kennedy was "the most creative man in American public life when he was killed," someone who had the makings of a great President. And judged *not* as a memoir by a devoted friend but on—shall we say—"public" grounds, the book is utterly unconvincing. Even though Schlesinger, as a master of extenuations, continually weights the evidence in Robert Kennedy's favor, the evidence overwhelms the general argument. It is clear that Robert Kennedy lacked the

---

Stephen Miller is a Resident Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

* *Robert Kennedy and his Times*, Houghton Mifflin Company, $19.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

virtues that all great Presidents have had: patience, flexibility, judgment. A man of intense energy and moral concern, Kennedy was also a man preoccupied with testing himself, with proving to himself that he was tough. He would, I suspect, have been the kind of imperial President Schlesinger warned us about in *The Imperial Presidency*—a man without "the discipline of consent," to use Schlesinger's own words in that book, a man who would have succumbed to the intoxications of the office.

Indeed, the Schlesinger of *Robert Kennedy and his Times* is intoxicated himself—so dazzled by his friend that he has written a book whose central argument borders upon the incoherent. Schlesinger conceives of Kennedy's life as a *Bildungsroman*: the education, we might say, of a prince. The point is that Kennedy, who had what Schlesinger calls an "experiencing nature," changed slowly but dramatically after the death of his brother. He not only began to read widely—Aeschylus and Camus are cited as favorite authors—but he also widened his moral vision, so that by the mid-sixties he came to see himself as "the tribune of the underclass," the champion of blacks, Chicanos, and American Indians. Such a change presumes that the early Kennedy and what we might call the post-Dallas Kennedy were quite different, yet throughout the book Schlesinger continually applies the same adjectives to describe Kennedy's character and conduct. The "education" may have broadened his sympathies, but otherwise the new Kennedy and the old Kennedy seem very much the same: emotional, impatient, intense, subjective, recklessly impulsive. These are Schlesinger's words, not mine.

A remark that could serve as an epigraph to Kennedy's public career is a comment Schlesinger makes on a report the young Kennedy wrote as an aide to Senator Joseph McCarthy: "the animating tone was moral outrage." Outraged at first by the threat of a Communist conspiracy, Kennedy then became outraged in turn by racketeers, by Castro's Cuba, by the steel executives who defied President Kennedy's price guideposts—and, finally, outraged about the condition of the underclass. And when Kennedy was outraged, Schlesinger says over and over again, he wanted to do something. Immediately. About Kennedy in 1962, Schlesinger says: "If there was a problem, there had to be a solution. He conveyed acute impatience and urgency." As late as 1967, a close advisor said to Kennedy: "At times, you are almost compulsive in your decisions, dislikes, etc. You still are not as disciplined a politician as President Kennedy." More often than not, Kennedy's conduct was governed by his impulsive, hot-blooded temperament.

Many writers, of course, take quite a different view of Robert Kennedy's character and conduct. They argue that Kennedy's moral outrage was quite calculated—a selective outrage that furthered his intense ambition. According to this view, Kennedy joined Senator McCarthy's staff because, like Nixon, he saw a chance of riding early to political fame on the wings of rabid anti-Communism, only to drop McCarthy when he realized that being a McCarthyite was a political liability. Then, it is argued, he became a prosecutor of racketeers because he thought such crusading would quickly put his name in the headlines. Then he wangled the job of Attorney General out of his brother, although most of President Kennedy's advisors thought it was a bad idea to put a young and relatively inexperienced brother in such an important position. Finally, he took up the cause of the underclass and of youth in general because he wanted to build a new political base. "From the outset of his career to the end of his life," Walter Karp said in a recent issue of *Harper's*, "the fixed stars of all Robert Kennedy's political calculations were the interests and opinions of Democratic party leaders." In short, he was cold, calculating, ruthless; he cultivated the injured and the innocent with empty promises while carefully maintaining his connections with party bosses.

Some things Kennedy did fit this picture of him as a wolf in sheep's clothing. As chief advisor to John Kennedy in the 1960 campaign, he played some dirty tricks on Hubert Humphrey, especially in the West Virginia primary. As Attorney General under President Kennedy, he recommended the appointment of several racist federal judges in order to pay back some old political favors. He tapped Martin Luther King's phones. And his sly maneuverings against Eugene McCarthy in the 1968 campaign do not bespeak a man of courage and conviction but, rather, a timid politician afraid of losing the Democratic party's support.

Though plausible, this dark view of Robert Kennedy is not persuasive. The man may have postured to would-be voters, even to reporters, but he could not have played the demagogue with friends and advisors. Schlesinger summons up too much evidence to show that Kennedy was a man of genuine moral concern, someone who truly thought that Jimmy Hoffa betrayed the interests of workers, someone who truly was outraged by the poverty he saw in the Mississippi Delta. On a visit there, without reporters, he went into one of the dirtiest, filthiest, poorest black homes and held a baby who had open sores. He did not have to do this in order to gain votes, nor did he have to go into a black ghetto in Indianapolis in 1968 and announce to the crowd that Martin Luther King had just been assassinated. "This compulsion to be at one with individuals in extreme situations," Schlesinger says, "was increasingly the key to his politics." The moral outrage was real, yet Kennedy of course was an ambitious politician—which we should not damn him for—and he did not want to stray too far from traditional Democratic lines. In the mid-sixties he was torn between the demands of his intense moral concern and the demands of party loyalty.

Unfortunately, Schlesinger is so intent on refuting the dark view of Kennedy that he lards his text with far too many vignettes of Kennedy hugging children, Kennedy reading poetry, Kennedy making rousing speeches to college students, and Kennedy barnstorming around the world talking about youth, revolution, and the challenge of the future. The rhetorical overkill is not only cloying, it is also a sign of a serious error in judgment—the most serious error in the book. Schlesinger assumes that once he has convinced us that Kennedy was not cold, calculating, and ruthless, then he is home free. That is, if we accept his argument that Kennedy was a hot-blooded, romantic idealist, we will have no trouble accepting the argument that Kennedy was a creative politician. But the latter point does not, in fact, follow from the former. One can argue that Kennedy's brand of commitment and compassion made him a poor politician, one temperamentally incapable of winning the support and trust of other politicians.

Kennedy, it is clear from Schlesinger's account, was ill-at-ease among politicians, and distrustful of the civilities and accommodations of political life. He wanted to get things done, not "play politics." The clubhouse politicians of New York, he once told Richard Goodwin, "were not interested in issues." And he added that "there aren't ten politicians in the whole state I like and trust." His opinion of those who composed the United States Senate was just as negative. He once said to Schlesinger that George McGovern was "the only decent man in the Senate." No wonder he was not popular with his colleagues when he served as the junior senator from New York. Other senators resented his moral intensity, which they saw as arrogance and self-righteousness; they also resented his outspoken manner, which they felt violated the traditional courtesies of the institution. In general, Kennedy steered clear of politicians, preferring to consort with his band of loyal advisors as well as intellectuals, movie stars, poets, and football players. In this regard, he was very different from his two brothers.

Perhaps the most revealing thing Robert Kennedy ever said—revealing, that is, in the way it gives us a clue as to what he thought of the political life—is a speech he made to his staff barely a month after President Kennedy was assassinated. "My brother barely had a chance to get started—and there is so much now to be done—for the Negroes and the unemployed and the school kids and everyone else who is not getting a decent break in our society. This is what counts. The new fellow [as if he couldn't bear to mention Lyndon Johnson's name] doesn't get this. He knows all about politics and nothing about human beings." Admir[illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speech was made at a very difficult time in his life, when he was filled with bitter resentment towards the new President. But that is not the point: The point is that the worst thing Kennedy could say about a man was to accuse him of being political. The implication is that those who know all about politics are by their very nature incapable of knowing anything about human beings.

If one wanted to indulge in psychological speculation, one might say that somewhere in the recesses of Kennedy's psyche the knowledge that he too was a politician gnawed at him, troubled his conscience, and drove him to be ever more vehement about his moral concerns. But that is by the way. Arrogant, impatient, and—as he himself admitted—"bored with politics," bored with the endless small tasks and courtesies that a politician must perform, Robert Kennedy was not a man who in times of turbulence could have held the country together. Most likely, he would have made the stormy times even stormier. And yet this is the man Schlesinger mentions in the same breath with his two other heroes, Abraham Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt. But they were cool-headed, not hot-blooded. They were masters of tact, patience, and prudence; Kennedy was not.

Intoxicated, then, is an appropriate word to apply to the author of this book. And this intoxication may in the end damage Kennedy's reputation more than redeem it, for some readers will think Schlesinger protests too much—a sign that he himself doesn't completely believe the argument he is making, a sign that he is trying to convince himself as much as convince others of the rightness of his claim. One such protest beggars belief that it was written by the same man who wrote *The Imperial Presidency*. When U.S. Steel in 1962 raised steel prices six dollars a ton, going against President Kennedy's wage-price guideposts, the impulsive and emotional Attorney General went into action. "We were going to go for broke," Kennedy said; "their expense accounts and where they'd been and what they were doing. I picked up all their records....I told the FBI to interview them all...." FBI agents, Schlesinger says, "thereupon visited them at their homes in Philadelphia and Wilmington before dawn the next morning." There were outcries in the press of Gestapo tactics, and even the President himself, according to Schlesinger, was disturbed by the conduct of the Attorney General. A law professor wrote in the *New Republic* that "it was dangerously wrong for an angry President to loose his terrible arsenal of power for the purposes of intimidation and coercing private companies....Congress has given the President no power to fix the price of steel." In response to this comment, Schlesinger says: "It could be responded that Congress had not given U.S. Steel power to fix the cost of living." Schlesinger's remark makes no sense. U.S. Steel had raised its prices; it was not fixing the cost of living, though the cost of living may have been affected by its actions. And its actions had nothing to do with Congress. Then, as if uncomfortable with this nonsensical explanation, Schlesinger resorts to that old chestnut, one that he berated Nixon for continually using: "Weighty national interests were involved." What can we say of a historian who seems to have forgotten his own work? In *The Imperial Presidency*, Schlesinger warned that the "Presidency has got out of control and badly needs new definition and restraint." He also said that "a constitutional President had to be aware of what Whitman called 'the never-ending audacity of elected persons....'" Robert Kennedy, of course, was not even elected to office, but his conduct as Attorney General was audacious indeed. The U.S. Steel affair is but one example among many.

It is puzzling to see a discriminating historian like Arthur Schlesinger reduced to sounding like Richard Nixon—puzzling until we realize that Schlesinger finds it difficult to write about the Kennedys with his eyes wide open. In this book, he himself admits that "many of us who came to Washington with the Kennedys did suppose that reason could serve as an instrument for social change," as if before the Kennedys came to town Washington was a miasma of irrationality. And no clear-eyed historian could say, as he does, that "the time will surely come when the richest nation on earth will overcome its indifference to the degradation of its citizens," implying that without Robert Kennedy around to prod our conscience, we no longer care about the problems of the underclass. Call these remarks a sign of Schlesinger's intoxication, smugness, obtuseness, arrogance; call them what you will. One thing is clear: Schlesinger suffers from a severe case of the Kennedy mystique.

Which is, to some degree, understandable. Whatever we think of their personal character or political conduct, the Kennedys are—or, rather, have become—larger than life, perhaps because they have suffered both inordinate success and inordinate tragedy. And Robert Kennedy, though slightest in size, was the largest of them all, a figure whose intensity and passion bring to mind Alexander Hamilton. Their minds brimming with grand plans, both Hamilton and Kennedy found the daily compromises of "regular" politics distasteful. In his sonnet on Robert Kennedy, Robert Lowell is right to say that he is a figure out of Plutarch (the same cannot be said of his two brothers). The poem ends with:

> I miss
> you, you out of Plutarch, made by hand—
> forever approaching your maturity.

Despite Schlesinger's strenuous efforts to convince us otherwise, one finishes *Robert Kennedy and his Times* with a sense that Kennedy never completed his education—and perhaps never would. He was forever approaching his maturity—and never quite reaching it. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nöel M. Valis

Voices of Solitude: The Modern Latin American Novel

The monologues of Carlos Fuentes,
Gabriel García Márquez, Manuel Puig, y otros.

In 1973, a young Argentinian woman published a book of interviews called *Seven Voices* (*Seven Latin American Writers Talk to Rita Guibert*) and in it Guillermo Cabrera Infante, the Cuban novelist, had this to say about the modern novel (and I take it deliberately out of context): "it's all voice and no text." Whether or not it accurately describes all modern novels, the phrase certainly applies to the Latin American novel of the last decade or so. Indeed, the enormous importance of this literature to writers and critics everywhere derives in part from the curious voice heard coming from it. But as we shall see, it is not the voice of the storyteller, of the wandering *jongleur*, rich in tradition and human contact; rather, it is disembodied and most temporary, fragile and seemingly unreal.

If I were to choose an image from the real world which corresponds to the voices of these novels, it would be the voice on the telephone. Why? Because that thin wire of sound we hear through the telephone displaces us both temporally and spatially. It can be coherent, but it is always a fragment, only a piece of the whole. Such is the voice of these novels. This disembodied voice pervades such technically and thematically disparate works as Mario Vargas Llosa's *Conversation in the Cathedral* (1975), Carlos Fuentes' *A Change of Skin* (1968), Manuel Puig's *Betrayed by Rita Hayworth* (1971), José Donoso's *The Obscene Bird of Night* (1973), Gabriel García Márquez' *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1971) and *The Autumn of the Patriarch* (1976), José Lezama Lima's *Paradiso* (1974), Severo Sarduy's *Cobra* (1975), and Cabrera Infante's *Three Trapped Tigers* (1971). What is more, it often makes for a rather demanding, and at times unrewarding, reading experience.

No longer can we categorize literature from down yonder in mere geographical terms, i.e., as the Argentinian, Mexican, or Chilean novel; for regionalism, though not dead as a school of writing, has become anathema to modern Latin American novelists. They are, more than anything else, very self-conscious artists, acutely aware of themselves as sons of William Faulkner, John Dos Passos, James Joyce, Jorge Luis Borges, Tristan Tsara and the surrealists, and the French New Novelists, as much as sons of their native soil. By declaring them to be derivative, I do not deny them a strong dose of originality, particularly in their technical virtuosity; but for the most part the complexities of their novels, and the difficulties these create for the reader, are the complexities of much of 20th-century literature. Nevertheless, at times the Latin American novelists fail where their progenitors did not.

Vargas Llosa's *Conversation in the Cathedral* is a case in point. The talk which takes place in a lower-class tavern (the "Cathedral") between upper-class Santiago and his father's former chauffeur, Ambrosio, is broken through by shards of the past, by Joycean leaps through space and time. But the talk, the voices, both inner- and outer-directed, do not forge together into a unified whole. Nor should they, says Vargas Llosa, for neither he nor his fellow novelists feel justified in providing the wherewithal to unify the fragments of reality, both past and present and, in some works, future (as in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*).

Much more ambitious in scope than *Conversation in the Cathedral* is Carlos Fuentes' *Change of Skin*, in which two couples are forced to spend a night in a small Mexican town. The characters are the instruments through which the novelist beats his breast about the general crumminess of the world, including humankind's perennial proclivity for brutality and barbarism. In the novel, Franz Jellinek, once an architect of Nazi crematoria and concentration camps, now a salesman, is obsessed with guilt and haunted by memories of a Jewish girl, Hanna, whom he once loved and later saw caught in the fires of the Holocaust. These parts of the novel, which cannot fail to remind one of other literary treatments of the theme of guilt and complicity, such as Steiner's *Treblinka* and Shaw's *Man in the Glass Booth*, are nevertheless filled with compassion and anguish.

But Fuentes manages to trivialize the pain of existence by interspersing his narrative with long passages of squabbling and bickering between the other couple, Javier and his wife Elizabeth. Just as the world is coming apart around them (Fuentes also intercalates scenes of conquest and carnage in Hernán Cortés' time to show that these global movements are repetitive), so the personal universe of the man and his wife is atomized into useless accusations and worn-out emotions. Unfortunately, the dialogue between Javier and Elizabeth is often tedious and melodramatic, of the soap-opera variety. It irritates and finally benumbs the reader, who after a while just wishes the two of them would end it all (and soon). The world's anguish is further diluted by the culminating mock-trial scene between a hip group called the Monks and a house of prostitutes. Here we have a chorus of jarring voices, a scene of mocking theatricality which, in the Brechtian mode, merely underlines the alienation, not only of the characters, but probably of the reader as well.

Characters in Fuentes' book have a variety of names, masks, and roles: The Jewish girl, Elizabeth, for instance, is also called, among other identifiers, Ligeia, Beth, Betele, and Liz, and is probably a surrogate for Hanna, Franz' lost Jewish maiden. The 23-year-old Isabel is, apparently, a counterpart to the middle-aged Elizabeth since both her name (the Spanish equivalent of Elizabeth) and her role in the novel indicate she is another Ligeia, a younger lover of Javier. Roles are interchangeable; personality is continually metamorphosing, breaking into pieces of one's past and another's present.

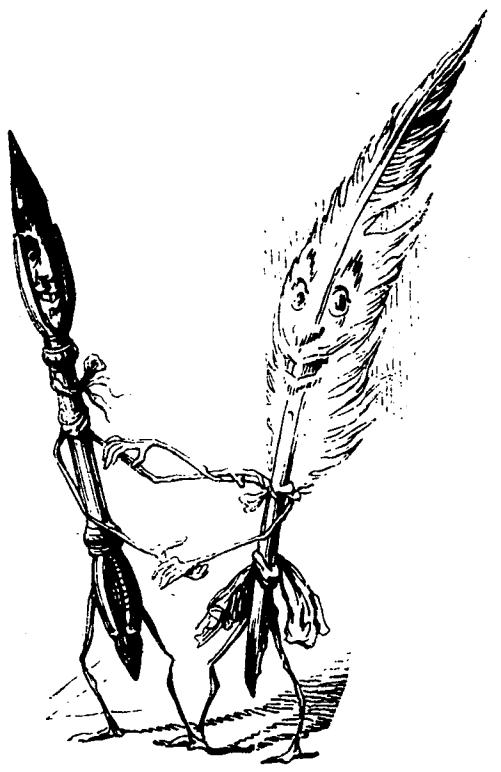
This shredding of a character's individuality is also evident in the other contemporary Latin American novels. There is, for instance, the image of the peeling onion which Manuel Puig uses in *Betrayed by Rita Hayworth* to describe the main character's personality growth: Under each layer is another chronological

Nöel M. Valis is assistant professor of Spanish at the University of Georgia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

piece of Toto's character until there are no more layers, "because he's just born, only a bud is left, a sprout, the heart of the little onion...a perfect little baby." (Never mind the fact that an onion has no heart or bud, as Henrik Ibsen pointed out in *Peer Gynt*: "There's a most surprising lot of layers! Are we never coming to the kernel?...There isn't one! To the inner most bit it's nothing but layers, smaller and smaller. Nature's a joker.") Neither Toto nor any other character in Puig's novel is ever presented, if the pun will be forgiven, *in toto*.

From the opening conversation of Puig's novel, in which various unidentified characters talk at cross-purposes in only semi-connected fashion, to the chapter-long monologues which comprise most of the book, we are given mere voices, each of which makes his or her individual comment on the state of the universe. Puig presents the language of these disembodied voices, most often the vernacular of popular and even street culture, in series of phrases and thoughts connected by repetition of the conjunction "and"; or he simply allows his characters' thoughts to run on without connectives, pauses, or transitions. Puig clearly intends to present the complexity of personality, the multiplicity of reality, and yet, after a while, both his technique and the characters seem all too mechanical. In short, language as technique overwhelms the vision of the human: The voices of Puig's mostly unsophisticated, insensitive characters are converted into literary mannerism. As a result, the characters lack substance, they seem mere shadows or, more accurately, mere voices to be manipulated by the author. They are not whole men and women, people of flesh and blood, *carne y hueso*.



Just as characters are delineated through the unsubstantiality of a voice or a series of voices, so time and space are controlled by the same instrument. José Donoso's *Obscene Bird of Night*, in my view probably the best of these novels along with García Márquez' *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, is a good example of this. The determining voice of Donoso's novel belongs to Mudito, an apparent mute of indefinite age (shades of Faulkner) who travels back and forth between the past and present, perceiving reality precisely as he wishes or as some inner necessity compels him to. He sees himself as a young, struggling student whose father is impressed by social connections and wants his son to make a name for himself; later, as the secretary for a local man of property, Don Jerónimo; and at times as a kind of double, or substitute, for Don Jerónimo. Throughout the novel, time and space are internalized, made subjective to the point where neither element makes much sense if separated from the person perceiving it.

In this sense, the idea of time and circumstance *as history* has very little significance in either *The Obscene Bird of Night* or any of the other novels mentioned. Indeed, one could say that there is a strong antihistorical bias in the modern Latin American novel, evident even in the most straightforward of the works cited, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Márquez' novel describes the rise and fall of the Buendía family, a fictional Colombian dynasty, and of Macondo, the town they established. War, greed, and personal tragedies too numerous to recount here play a major part in the final destruction of both. The novel has been interpreted as both a disguised history of Colombia (and much of South America itself) and as a personal re-creation of the universal travails of all mankind.

Despite some temporal capering, the story appears to move forward chronologically, and the principal voice is the traditional third-person narrator; but even in this novel time is not linear, but cyclical: All things recur so that nothing, in essence, changes. Even if we were to regard *One Hundred Years of Solitude* as a fictionalized Colombian history, the repetition and sameness of events and characters betray a profound negation of man's place in the historical passage of things. Thus, in García Márquez' novel, what occurs at the end—the incestuous coupling of the aunt and her nephew, the subsequent birth of the monstrous, almost prehuman (primitive, *prehistoric*, in this sense) child, and the final downfall of the Buendía family—all this has already happened as we and the last Aureliano discover on the final page of the book which is, in reality, the final page of the magical gypsy Melquíades' manuscript written a hundred years before.

Man's place in García Márquez' universe, a fabulous yet very real creation because the inhabitants are imperfect, not idealized Arcadians, is perceived in Biblical terms: There is a Fall and there is retribution. The introduction of sin, in the guise of incest, brings about the apparently inevitable Fall, and final retribution comes as an apocalyptic wind at the end of the book. Márquez even includes a deluge—this one lasts four years, eleven months, and two days. But the absurd precision of the duration of the rains, as well as other exact dates and numbers which are continually contradicted throughout the book, merely reiterate the novelist's rejection of chronological time.

Time, then, becomes mythical, in both Biblical (the Fall and retribution) and Oedipal (the incest motif) terms. Myth is essentially atemporal: It denies not only the historicity of man, but the uniqueness and individuality of particular men. Thus, in myth, timeless universals are stressed and not the distinguishing characteristics of either person or place. Hence, the characters themselves, as in Fuentes' *Change of Skin*, are repetitions, recurrences of other characters. (There are at least sixteen Aurelianos in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*.) Despite their oddly funny and frequently charming idiosyncrasies, Márquez' characters, who sometimes seem like endearing eccentrics, are not real individuals, for each new character is a variation of a previous one. And all are marked by an irradicable air of solitude, hence the title and the major theme of the book. The original Aureliano Buendía, founder of Macondo, dies alone and unnoticed, leaning against the tree where he has passed the last few years of his life in voluntary mute confinement.

In another of Márquez' novels, *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, solitariness is stressed by the very fact that only one voice is of any consequence, the single and ultimately monotonous voice of the grotesque dictator, Zacarías, who wallows in self-pity and worries over the perennial problem of all tyrants: the insecurity of power. All other voices are swallowed up inside the extraordinarily long inner monologue of the Biblically-named patriarch who, in characteristic García Márquez style, dies somewhere between the age of 107 and 232 years (and who continues to die or appears to die at a number of points throughout the novel). Time as history, once again, is negated: The only temporal events of significance are the long and very imprecise reign of the dictator, whose mind continually wanders back and forth through time, and his recurring death, which both opens and closes the novel.

This sense of solitude, of the solipsistic, of the solitary voice hearing only itself and entrapped within its thin, disembodied, metamorphosing personality, is characteristic of nearly all of these modern Latin American novels. At times it is carried to the extreme: to the disintegration of identity and the ultimate dehumanization of the individual. Donoso's *Obscene Bird of Night* offers the most horrifying and grotesquely poignant example of this reduction of man to less-than-human status when Mudito, in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his ceaseless transformations of personality (which merely prove to him over and over again that he does not know who he is), finally is converted into an object, a jute sack covered by layers and layers of more sacking. "Being deaf, blind, dumb, a small sexless package," he is reduced to a thing; a wall of silence is constructed between him/it and the rest of humanity. Need I point out the acute similarity between this monstrous dehumanization and the garbage-can existence of Beckett's characters in *End Game*?

Just as the voices of Donoso's Mudito, Puig's Toto, and Vargas Llosa's Ambrosio and Santiago are isolated, sealed-up pieces of insubstantiality, so the novelists' language becomes, logically, increasingly insubstantial and secretive as it conveys the meaning (or meaninglessness) of the novelists' universe. The hermetic and arcane language in books such as Lezama Lima's *Paradiso*, Sarduy's *Cobra*, and even Cabrera Infante's *Three Trapped Tigers* often obscures meaning, and thus requires "deciphering." But here the reader runs into considerable difficulty. Both *Paradiso* and *Cobra* are governed by poetic images whose ultimate secret can only be decoded by the novelists themselves. The reader understands that the questions of homosexuality and of the writer's creativity provide the mainspring to *Paradiso*, and that transvestism (an image for the metamorphosis of personality?) and, again, writing itself inform the world of *Cobra*, but what of it? The many neo-baroque metaphors in *Paradiso* require still more keys after the first key.

Language in these novels prevents us from gathering a coherent vision of the universe because it is language itself which creates the disorder. *Cobra*'s deliberately disordered structure is made no clearer by knowing that Sarduy is obsessed with language itself as the ultimate (?) reality. *Three Trapped Tigers* is a better book and is rather fun to read, composed as it is of theatrical puns, jokes, and hundreds of word plays. But for all his virtuosity with language, Cabrera Infante's language is no less obscure; for all the mastery and glorification of technique, language as a game finally becomes boring.

It is obvious that the reader will find himself in terrible difficulties with books of this sort precisely because there is no coherence of content. It is not surprising that he might suspect the old shell game. But even if he does find out where the pea is, it is still only a dried-up, little pea. The Latin American novelist, like his modern predecessors, has changed the rules, has thrown out the idea that the universe possesses meaning. For the reader working under the old set of rules, the traditional cultural context of Western society, the piecemeal voices of dialogue, inner- and outer-directed monologues, theater, singing, and just plain talk, talk, talk, do not cohere because there is no ordering principle to the universe. More importantly, by removing man from his sense of history and chronological time, by fragmenting his personality so that it loses wholeness and individuality, by sewing him up in a sack of solitariness, the Latin American novelist has destroyed the sense of community so critical to literature in general and fiction in particular. Unlike Solzhenitsyn, who has passed through the crucible of isolation, brutality, and chaos and recovered the whole man in his writing, these artists cannot see beyond man's dehumanization and irremediable sense of isolation in a meaningless, absurd universe. If only man exists and he is miniaturized, like the white-dwarf version of Cobra in Sarduy's novel, if his deeds are mocked and his world shorn of significance, then what is left? Only words? A voice? □

Christmas Book Recommendations

We offer here gift suggestions from some of the writers and statesmen whose books and collected utterances would top our own list of recommendations. In doing so, we hope to provide not only useful advice, but also some insight into the workings and frolics of fourteen extraordinary minds.

E. DIGBY BALTZELL

Professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania; author of Philadelphia Gentlemen *and* The Protestant Establishment.

Unfortunately, I am rushing to finish a book and have not been doing much reading this year. However, I was tremendously impressed with a short little paperback, *Adams and Jefferson, a Revolutionary Dialogue* (Merrill D. Peterson, Oxford University Press, 1976). It is a delightful analysis of the greatest friendship in American history. I love both men but the beauty of the book is that it gives one great insight into the optimistic and pessimistic aspects of our heritage: The popular Jefferson, as Macaulay would have put it, was "all sail" when it came to equality and democracy with a capital "D," while the unpopular Adams saw that even Democrats were subject to sin and needed an "anchor." From my view, Adams in the long run had the greater half-truth than his dear friend Jefferson did, and it is my guess that he will come into his own in the next decade.

JACQUES BARZUN

University Professor Emeritus at Columbia University; literary advisor of Charles Scribner's Sons; author of The House of Intellect *and* Clio and the Doctors.

1. It has been said that nothing ages so fast into dullness as religious quarrels. The generality is disproved every time a historian has the talent to recreate the milieu, the emotions, and the men who fought. This is what Marvin R. O'Connell does superbly in *The Oxford Conspirators —The History of the Oxford Movement: 1833-1845* (Macmillan, 1969). The story of those twelve years is full of lessons in party and personal politics; in character, statism, and university life; in literature and the art of wriggling. John Henry Newman dominates the scene less than one would suppose, true history being always a return to the original perspective at the expense of hindsight. And here the historian brings us unpublished material that modifies still further the conventional image one so readily takes for reality.

2. The opposite movement, away from the contemporary, is also valuable: Greatness in men may paradoxically increase with distance. This is surely true of Yeats, the last of the large-scale poets. His ideas, his myth-making, his politics, and his love affairs have been well reported on for some time, but not until the appearance of his *Uncollected Prose* in two volumes (ed. John P. Frayne, Columbia University Press, 1978) has it been possible to gauge the amount of thought Yeats put into the battle for Irish culture—a battle fought on two fronts, Irish and English, for in such matters compatriots are not automatically friends.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A by-product of following Yeats through his book reviews and letters to the press is the discovery of his power as a day-to-day critic and prose writer—a new and different figure from the writer of autobiographies and love letters. The editing that makes these two large volumes ideally intelligible is beyond praise.

3. A good title is a precious aid to author and reader both. I picked up a second-hand Penguin because it was called *Contrary Imaginations*. I might have been deterred by the explanatory words: "A Psychological Study of the English Schoolboy," but I had seen Liam Hudson's name at the head of first-rate book reviews in the *TLS*, so I paid my fifty cents, in hopes.

They were generously fulfilled. The psychological study is professional and as exact as the current testing devices permit, but it transcends the typology of schoolboys through the author's philosophic mind, wide culture, and unfailing knack of turning a fact or a rule into a means of critically reassessing an entire realm—society, the school, science, and professional psychology itself. It is but one sign of his originality that he took the trouble to come to know by face and character hundreds of boys he tested at various schools. And he writes of them and of other subjects like a man whose goal is not simply "findings" but understanding.

4. In miscellaneous reading every professional is likely to be annoyed by the repetitious thought-clichés on a subject he knows to be widely different from the cliché. For me, nearly every reference to Rousseau is the cause of such irritation. And of the numerous errors on this large subject perhaps the most tiresome is that which says that Rousseau's *Social Contract* is "the charter of totalitarian government." It is, on the contrary, an abstract of all government and hence a guide to thought about its infinite varieties. I grant the book is difficult to master—so clear and simple in statement and so searching in implication. To grasp its full meaning it may be well, after one reading in the G.D.H. Cole Everyman edition, to take up Rousseau's two practical recommendations, for the government of Poland and for the government of Corsica. Then return to the *Social Contract* and if you must utter about it, don't talk about social-contract theory as if Rousseau had invented it and don't echo the thought-cliché about—you know what.

5. My list began with the Oxford "conspirators" of 150 years ago. Our own conspirators today are far more numerous, being nearly all supposed or imagined. The Congress is still looking for conspirators fifteen years after President Kennedy's death, urged to that exercise by the persistent demand of publicists and others who cannot accept madness and chance in historical events. Only conspiracy seems to them a rational explanation. In such a mood it is wise to read or reread John Sparrow's *After the Assassination* (Chilmark Press, 1967). Sparrow, a scholar, lawyer, and essayist, takes up the Warren Commission Report and its critics and in 75 brilliant pages shows what the rational view of "random" events is. He manages even to show one irrationality of the conspiracy theorists: They do not deal with the evidence fairly and systematically; they prefer conspiracy to probability, and thereby show how little they know about life.

JAMES L. BUCKLEY
Former U.S. Senator from New York.

Conservatives tend to distinguish themselves by their political and economic wisdom—and, alas, by their appalling biological illiteracy. Much of their critique of the environmental movement can only be described as embarrassing, and the often-made assertion that Darwinism has been "disproved" is simply ignorant.

The fact is that Darwinism is very much alive; and anyone interested in sampling

the world of current speculation in the field of natural history can do no better than browse through Stephen Jay Gould's *Ever Since Darwin* (W.W. Norton & Company, 1977). It is a collection of elegant, highly literate essays which are worth reading for style alone. They touch on a wide variety of topics which together give the reader fascinating insights into modern evolutionary thinking.

Today's biologists have developed some intriguing theories explaining many of the most puzzling biological phenomena. It is Mr. Gould's special gift to be able to illuminate often complex scientific ideas with a special blend of erudition, wit, and clarity of expression.

ALISTAIR COOKE
Host of "Masterpiece Theatre"; author of A Generation on Trial, Alistair Cooke's America, *and* Six Men.

Jake's Thing, by Kingsley Amis: Everything you ever hoped the author of *Lucky Jim* might have to say about the relations between men and women, and the ludicrous trade of sex therapy.

Chinese Shadows, by Simon Leys: A gentle but powerful antidote to the soothing syrup of the "See China Now" ads.

In Defense of the Public Liberty, by Samuel B. Griffith II: After all the patriotic hullabaloo about the Bicentennial, this splendid and grossly ignored book by a retired Marine general is simply the finest work anyone has done—from Trevelyan on—about the complexity of the relations between London and the Colonies from 1760 to Yorktown.

Into That Darkness: From Mercy Killing to Mass Murder, by Gitta Sereny: A wonderfully patient, clinical but humane probe into the life and mind of the commandant of the Treblinka extermination camp. It should be forced on anyone who believes that Belsen, Dachau, and the other chambers of horror were staffed entirely by bland monsters.

The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Sobering Thoughts, by George F. Will: In his precise and graceful way—a rapier handled by a gentleman—George Will demonstrates that common sense allied to an uncommon sensibility can produce the best libertarian commentary on our times.

JACK KEMP
U.S. Representative from New York.

1. *The Way the World Works*, by Jude Wanniski—the Laffer Curve replaces the Phillips Curve, or Entrepreneurial Capitalism revisited.

2. *The Story of Civilization*, by Will Durant—must be read by every generation of Americans to understand the role of incentive in the rise and fall of civilizations.

3. *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, by Irving Kristol—enough said.

4. *Taking Sides*, by Richard Whalen—one of the best written and most important political books of the twentieth century.

EUGENE J. McCARTHY
Former U.S. Senator from Minnesota.

The Illusion of Technique, by William Barrett. This is a book on modern philosophers and is good reading to clear the mind, not only of philosophers, but of teachers, editors, politicians, of everyone who has responsibility for applying ideas, either in criticism or in action, in our civilization.

The Collected Works of Allen Tate. Among living American poets, the grand master, who said "the words of the poet are spoken for man alone."

Eastward Ha!, by S.J. Perelman. A welcome relief from almost everything and everyone, including other humorists and their works and pomps.

In addition to the books mentioned above, I plan to give, as gifts, two of my own books. The first is *America Revisited* (Doubleday), a study of American institutions against a background of Alexis de Tocqueville's observations made 150 years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ago. The second is *A Political Bestiary* (McGraw-Hill), written by James J. Kilpatrick and myself with illustrations by the noted cartoonist, Jeff MacNelly.

RICHARD PIPES
Professor of history, Harvard University; author of Russia Under the Old Regime.

I spend most of my working life reading, mainly sources, primary and secondary, for the histories I write. I do not consciously distinguish this kind of reading ("research") from reading for pleasure, inasmuch as trying to cope with life's problems is for me the highest form of pleasure. I read belletristic works to gain depth and improve my style. The connection between a great novel or essay and a historical source is very intimate because, ultimately, both kinds of literature help to illuminate life's mysteries. Montaigne probably has done more to shape my historical and political views than any historical monograph that I have ever read. Chekhov, Rilke, and William James, to mention but a few, have profoundly influenced the way I perceive the world and, therefore, write history.

I have recently developed a passion for Max Beerbohm. He is not generally regarded to be a major writer, nor did he think of himself as one. But as Beerbohm has cautioned in another connection, "mental ability is not safely gauged by height or depth of topic. The value of the thing said depends not on the value of the thing it is said about...good sense about trivialities is better than nonsense about things that matter."

Beerbohm was an aesthete, which means that he preferred to ignore everything sordid and evil, and to seek refuge in fantasy and humor. His world is bewitching; his style, sheer perfection. Anyone who grapples with English syntax day in and day out cannot but be overwhelmed by his uncanny choice of words, by the elegant yet never artificial rhythm of his prose, by his sense of composition. Isaac Babel once said that a properly placed exclamation point is like a knife driven into the reader's heart: In Beerbohm's prose, nearly everything is of that order of artistic magnitude.

His best essays have no superior in the English language: Among them I would include almost all the essays from *And Even Now* (e.g., "*Quia Imperfectum*"), and such masterpieces as "Enoch Soames" and the parodies in *The Christmas Garland*. (Incidentally, Beerbohm's style seems to me possibly to have served as a model for Vladimir Nabokov, although I know nothing positive of the influence of the one writer on the other.)

Beerbohm had the misfortune to outlive his generation. In the midst of World War II he jotted down in his notebook the following observations:

Those whom the gods loved died in July, 1914.
Those whom the gods liked died very soon after Armistice Day, in November, 1918.
Those whom the gods hated lived to see the War's effects.
Those whom the gods loathed will live to see the effects of this War.

Hardly any of Beerbohm's writings are in print today, which forced me to undertake (against Beerbohm's advice) a collection of his first editions. I do not know why he is not read. The other day I learned, however, that one-half of Americans never read a book, and of the others, the book readers, a good proportion use reading as a soporific. Perhaps that is part of the explanation: Beerbohm's minor masterpieces are invidiously exciting.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER
Publisher of National Review*; author of* The Making of the New Majority Party.

Some things that are old, then some that are new. Whittaker Chambers' magnificent *Witness* (1952) is just out in a paperback edition by Gateway. It is at once a searing autobiography, an introduction to Communism, a fascinating (and true) spy story, and an indispensable account of the case of the century—all in the luminous prose of one of America's finest writers.

Further back, find and read *A Roving Commission* by Winston Churchill (published in England under the title *My Early Life*): fond and lively memories of the great man's first 26 years, written in his forties solely to entertain.

Recent and fascinating is Stephen Knight's *Jack the Ripper—The Final Solution* (McKay). Did you think we'd never know the identity and motive of the fiendish Ripper? Well, Mr. Knight, a London reporter, convinced me that he does. Was it Victoria's grandson, the Duke of Clarence? No, but you're warm.

In *Chinese Shadows* by Simon Leys (Viking), an essentially apolitical connoisseur of Chinese culture reports on his visits to the mainland—and turns in an indictment of Communist China so withering it will make Hua Kuo-feng lose his won-tons.

Finally, invest forty dollars in *The Jerome Biblical Commentary*, a magnificent, superbly scholarly, endlessly fascinating analysis of the Bible—often almost line by line. Published in 1976 by Prentice-Hall, it bears the imprimatur of a Roman Catholic bishop, but it has been hailed by scholars of many faiths and none.

PAUL SEABURY
Professor of political science at the University of California, Berkeley.

My Christmas list has two parts: Part I, books which I keep around for reference or inspiration; Part II, books which I have enjoyed reading this year.

Part I. Burke's *Works* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. Most *American Spectator* readers, I suppose, need no explanation for such a preference. But I like them both as primers in political prudence. Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* is indispensable. I agree with Churchill, who said it is a good thing for an uneducated man to have a book of quotations. It is very helpful on occasions when I am stonewalled by a difficult problem of thinking. Another stand-by is Auden's *A Certain World*, a scrapbook anthology of writings organized by subject matter (e.g., Dogs, Humility, Purple Prose, Sin, etc.)—a very humane collection. Paul Valery's *History and Politics* is my favorite escape reading in my dour discipline, serving to reassure me that political science can be both civilized and stimulating. Then there are Aesop's *Fables*. These are required readings for all who try to understand world politics. Finally, the *Book of Common Prayer*—the Episcopalian's bible.

Part II. As far as current reading goes, I have a few odd favorites. For those backsliding into either religious or secular Manichaeanism, I recommend Vilma Fritsch's *Left and Right in Science and Life*. It is also a must for left-handed people, who will gain comfort from it. I've also been reading Leon Feuchtwanger's *Success* (*Erfolg*), about manners and morals in Munich around the time of Hitler's beer hall putsch; then, George Kennan's *From Prague to Munich*—diplomatic dispatches which in a fastidious way tell what goes on in a country which has just been abandoned by its allies. Then, William Buckley's *Saving The Queen*, which is a delight. Finally, Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden, Or, The British Agent*—the best spy book of all.

JOHN TOLAND
Historian; author of Adolf Hitler *and* The Rising Sun.

Are you hankering for the old-fashioned, true life, lengthy novel; one rich in story and carrying a full cargo of three dimensional characters, including heroes and heroines with whom you can empathize? Then take a look into the lesser-known works of Anthony Trollope. Like Dr. Chekhov, Trollope managed to carry on two successful careers. He was a conscientious postal official who was largely responsible for, among other reforms, the mail box. Besides the acclaimed Barsetshire and Political (or Palliser) Novels—six in each series—he wrote over fifty other books. Most of these are little read but of high quality and marvelously varied. All are not only highly enjoyable (my first criterion) but instructive (my next) and when I finish any one of them I feel pleased and rewarded, not as if I had eaten a dozen candy bars. Delightful is the word for *The Belton Estate* which possesses one of literature's most engaging heroes; *Ayala's Angel* is a piercing social comedy; *Orley Farm* a devastating study of morality; and *The Way We Live Now* nears the peak of Trollope's achievements in its relentless, fascinating attack upon all kinds of dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honesty. Finally, to appreciate fully the range and depth of this warm-hearted man who was, in my mind, the best historian of his times, read his autobiography, which about ruined his reputation because of its candor, especially its revelation that he was a professional who wrote for money.

R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon. The best presidential autobiography since Grant's. Abundant with information and revelations of error. Only an idiot or a lout would read it and fail to note its historical importance. John Kenneth Galbraith did so.

The U.S. and the Origins of the Cold War, by John Lewis Gaddis. The very best book on a historic question that became a question only because large numbers of profs believed that that which is obvious must be an illusion.

The Liberal Mind, by Kenneth Minogue. A useful explanation of the fevers of the so-called liberals.

Under Western Eyes, by Joseph Conrad. A work of art, and an insight into some of today's most brutal mischief-makers.

PETER VIERECK

Poet and historian; author of Unadjusted Man, Conservatism Revisited, Conservatism from John Adams to Churchill, *and* Shame & Glory of the Intellectuals, *as well as a Pulitzer Prize-winning book of poetry,* Terror & Decorum.

Historical Consciousness, by John Lukacs. Endlessly challenging because Lukacs tells it not like it is but (less modish) as it is. He is one of the world's profoundest psychologists of history (read also his *Last European War*), which is not the same as a psycho-historian (again: less modish).

Stained Glass, by William F. Buckley, Jr. I still can't see why economic Manchester liberalism (rootless, materialistic, atomizing) should ever be deemed "conservative" (which means a rooted, organic continuity) by Mr. Buckley, but it's his novel I'm here to praise; I find it intelligent, well written, and a "good read." Even better, it raises unanswerable moral questions of ends and means; so read it to ponder as well as enjoy. I can't help wondering whether his fictional hero Wintergrin is partly based on someone I admire in real life: Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn.

And now three older books having this in common: They miraculously make their fantasies more convincingly real than reality. *The Man Who Was Thursday*, by G.K. Chesteron. Beautiful, wise, and without preaching, it shows how *les extrêmes* (far left, far right) *se touchent*. *The Third Policeman*, by Flann O'Brien. A colleague says Hugh Kenner has already once listed this as a Christmas book; if so, I am honored to have my O'Brien cult confirmed by an authority whom I so much respect. O'Brien's section on bicycles seems the funniest as well as the most fantastic spoof ever written. *The Man in the High Castle*, by Philip K. Dick. The most imaginative of all science-fiction writers, Dick is quoted as such in my forthcoming new poetry book, *Applewood*, and specializes in alternative universes.

EDWARD O. WILSON

Professor of zoology and curator of entomology at Harvard University; author of The Insect Societies, Sociobiology: The New Synthesis, *and* On Human Nature.

Science since Babylon, enlarged edition, by Derek de Solla Price. In this brief and stimulating exposition of the scientific study of science, the author explains why knowledge has expanded too fast for the scientific academy to keep up with it. Population growth must fall behind the growth of knowledge, with consequences still only dimly foreseen. As a bonus, de

Solla Price presents his own research on the history of celestial clocks with a liveliness that gives this arcane topic momentary parity with molecular biology and astrophysics.

Beyond Economic Man, by Harvey Leibenstein. Economics is just a gigantic accounting scheme, the predictive power of which depends on the comprehensiveness of its mathematical models. Leibenstein reminds us that nonrational human behavior is a major neglected element; he suggests how human nature might be incorporated into the main body of the theory. I suspect that if Leibenstein and his colleagues succeed, economics will become a far more precise—and interesting—subject.

The First Three Minutes, by Steven Weinberg. Not easy going but worth the effort, because Weinberg, one of our foremost physicists, is here talking about the beginning of the universe according to the Big Bang theory, and therefore in a sense about everything. And given his own creativeness and the magnitude of his subject, he cannot help capturing a special quality of the scientific spirit: "The effort to understand the universe is one of the very few things that lifts human life a little above the level of farce, and gives it some of the grace of tragedy."

The Killer Angels, by Michael Shaara. I include this novelization of the Battle of Gettysburg as simply the piece of fiction that has given me the greatest pleasure during the past ten years. I am not sure I could explain why if I tried.

TOM WOLFE

Journalist; author of Radical Chic, The Painted Word, Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine, *and* The Right Stuff *(forthcoming)*.

Nothing that I have read this year has given me more pleasure than three novels by Zola: *La Bête Humaine, Nana,* and *L'Assommoir*. I don't remember reading a line of Zola until last year, when I read *Therese Raquin* (and promptly advertised the fact in these pages in December). In my school years I had somehow formed the impression that Zola was the earnest hard-slogging naturalist of the lower depths, "the French Dreiser," and I had had about enough of the American one. Zola helped create such simple-minded notions among the bystanders, incidentally, by continually theorizing about his own work. (I can tell you: It doesn't help a bit.) Now, after reading four of his novels, I regard him as one of the great virtuosi of the medium.

L'Assommoir. A novel of the lower depths, all right, but extremely funny and written throughout in the rhetoric of prole slang. This was fifty years before Celine. *L'Assommoir* was denounced by the French intellectual left for presenting the Paris working class not merely as poor but honest victims of the industrial economy but also as fools and slovens happily demolishing or corrupting their own best opportunities.

Nana. Here Zola pulls off what I regard as an absolutely dazzling technical feat. He presents both a detailed portrait of a woman and a tableau of *le beau monde* of the Second Empire in fourteen consecutive crowd scenes. It's great stuff.

La Bête Humaine. Written in 1890, this will strike most readers as a very modern novel, I think, in its use of suspense, which dangles murder and lust from the outset, and in the author's portrayal of terrible faults in even his most sympathetic characters. It is hard for me to believe that James M. Cain did not read *La Bête Humaine* (and *Therese Raquin*) before writing *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Double Indemnity*, even though Cain's biographer, Roy Hoopes, tells me he has found no evidence of it in Cain's notes and letters. *La Bête Humaine* must also be one of the first novels, if not *the* first, to use moving trains as the locus of the major action. It's riveting!—a point not lost on the moviemakers: there's never been a bad train movie.

I have listed the three books in the order I wish I had read them. Nana's childhood is depicted in *L'Assommoir*, as is the family taint of madness—Zola believed in *the taint*—that shows up in Nana's brother Jacques in *La Bête Humaine*. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALKIES
by
Ben Yagoda

A Wedding

Robert Altman, the most consistently interesting contemporary American filmmaker, has once more declined to repeat himself. *A Wedding*, his new movie, is a world apart from the hazy dreamscape of *3 Women*—which in turn had virtually nothing in common with its predecessor, the antimythic *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*. Indeed, *A Wedding* may represent a new kind of film altogether—epic social comedy. It is something like a cross between *Rules of the Game, Grand Hotel,* and *Father of the Bride*, with a cast of (almost) thousands.

To be sure, *A Wedding* is unmistakably an Altman work. We recognize the casual, almost improvisational, attitude toward plot and structure; the strict attention, on the other hand, to nuances of character and atmosphere; the undercurrent of iconoclasm; the importance of words barely heard and images barely glimpsed. And the subject is hardly unconventional. True to its title, the film takes place entirely at the ceremony and reception celebrating the marriage of Dino Corelli (Desi Arnaz, Jr.), the product of a union between an aristocratic Wasp mother and an Italian father, and Muffin Brenner (Amy Stryker), whose father is a trucker-turned-tycoon from Louisville. *A Wedding*'s uniqueness may be appreciated by comparing it with *Nashville* (1975), the Altman work it most resembles. Both films present a group of people who, placed more or less in proximity for a brief period, interact in various combinations. But *A Wedding* gives us more characters (48 instead of 24), a collapsed time-frame (barely longer than the film itself instead of five days), and a much smaller setting (the grounds of the Corelli mansion instead of a city).

The extreme density of the film—Altman deserves considerable credit, at the very least, for his choreography—contributes both to its virtues and its flaws. To begin with the latter, which are many, *A Wedding* is simply too cluttered. Only after two viewings could I sort out all the wedding guests and participants, and even then the nature of all their relationships wasn't completely clear. It could be argued that the general air of confusion imitates the atmosphere of a real wedding—where we are always wondering, Who *was* that fellow in the maroon leisure suit?—but this is supposed to be art, not life.

The problem is ecological at root. Arithmetic reveals that *A Wedding* allots less time per capita to its characters even than *Nashville*, and some of them just don't have the time to become much more than bodies moving on the screen. Lauren Hutton, for example, as the wedding photographer, never manages to establish a personality of any kind, and the film drags during her scenes. (By contrast, her counterpart in *Nashville*—the BBC journalist played by Geraldine Chaplin—was as neat an authorial self-parody as Chaucer's narrator in *Canterbury Tales*.) Similarly, since Dina Merrill and Virginia Vestoff have been given nothing to work with, the aunts they play emerge as ciphers.

In other cases, Altman's sin of overpopulation leads him to force his hand, to come up with characters who sound just one note or are revealed (in the end) to be propelled by a single dark secret. This is one of the most tiresome conventions of the American theater, and it plays no better here. Upon learning that the wedding coordinator (Geraldine Chaplin) is unhappy because she is a lesbian, or that Dino's mother (Nina Van Pallandt) is so tense because she is a heroin addict, we feel like groaning out loud. And predictably, when Altman goes for humor it often comes too easy: the bride with braces, the senile bishop, and the people in desperate need of bathrooms all provide the laughs, but they're cheap.

Predictably, too, the exigencies of Altman's method can work against him when he tries for a deeper look into characters—as one of the prominent subplots amply demonstrates. The bride's mother (Carol Burnett) is dancing with Merrill's husband (Pat McCormack) when he suddenly stops and announces that he is madly in love with her. Startled at first, she comes to accept the idea as the day wears on and even agrees to a tryst, but at the end of the reception changes her mind. Like the Lily Tomlin character in *Nashville* she has an unattractive husband (indeed, he's positively boorish), and the affair awakens long-dormant feelings in her. Burnett does a good job with the role, but she is working at a crippling disadvantage: McCormack has proclaimed his ardor so suddenly, in such a comically ludicrous fashion, that any poignance or tenderness is drastically undercut. As we see it, Burnett is wasting all her emotion (and fine acting) on a buffoon.

Finally, Altman's technique limits the kinds of meaning he can offer. Some critics have complained that *A Wedding* has nothing to "say"; if by this they mean that it offers no pronouncements on the role of marriage, class, or family in American society, they are right. Altman's films—*A Wedding* most of all—concentrate on the particular; any wider truths must be supplied by us. (Note the indefinite article in the title.)

Yet Altman can give us what no other filmmaker can. By rejecting, for the most part, Hollywood conventions of plot and characterization—most of them sentimental and simplistic—he may limn persons and situations in whatever scale he chooses, at times with dazzling results. And if the sheer volume of humanity present at *A Wedding* on occasion either forces Altman into too-easy equations or prevents him from providing enough information, it also gives him room for what he does best. Glancing off people and interchanges like a bumper car at a fair, he can catch just this or that glance or remark, never making too big a point of it, and then move on.

One comes away from *A Wedding* with epiphanies of the rarest kind in films—ones that words cannot do justice to:

Ben Yagoda is a free-lance writer living in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Muffin's feeble-minded sister (Mia Farrow) throwing a handful of water at her own image in a mirror, and Dino saying offhandedly, "I'm happy. I'm always happy"—both moments, we realize, tell us all we need to know about the characters; the girlish Muffin happening to see Dino being sobered up in a shower and suddenly glimpsing what the years ahead may hold; Lillian Gish, as the dying matriarch of Dino's mother's family, standing at an open window, her hair down and glowing with light—an astonishing image that plays on our feelings about the young Gish and holds half a century in its grasp; and the resident Dr. Feelgood, played wonderfully by Howard Duff, dispensing drugs, liquor, and advice with a wry, Chekhovian detachment. A teacher of mine once remarked that coming across a minor character about whom you would love to know more was one of the most unusual experiences in literature. (He was speaking of Pyotr Perhotin, the official who helps Dmitri in *The Brothers Karamazov*; another example is Horatio in *Hamlet*.) When Altman is at his best, that is what he offers manifold.

Two strands of the film go beyond the strategy of particularization into something larger. The first has to do with Dino's father (Vittorio Gassman), whose secret history we discover as the movie progresses. It proves to be a Jamesian one of transcontinental disguise and emotional imprisonment, and it culminates in a speech before Gish that is one of the most moving filmed monologues I have ever seen. The second is an episode of violence and mistaken identity that serves as the film's climax. If it does not have quite the cathartic effect of the accidental shooting of the aviator in *Rules of the Game* (after which it was surely modeled), it does serve much the same purpose: to open our eyes, moving us beyond the small foibles and gallantries we have spent two hours looking at into a world where the possibility of tragedy is always present.

Critics have complained, too, that *A Wedding* is nasty. I understand why they feel that way—Altman's satire unarguably has its mean side—but I would argue that a stronger impulse in the film is compassion. Altman's ample understanding can have an amazing reach, extending even to the least likeable character he shows us. Burnett's insensitive, boisterous husband tells everybody to call him Snooks, but when, during the ceremony, he is asked who gives the bride away, he says "Liam Brenner"—then adds apologetically, "It's Irish." In a flash we *see* him, and the vision is tempered with profound sympathy. Only Altman. □

CAPITOL IDEAS
by
Tom Bethell

D.C. Democracy: One Man, Two Votes

By the time this column is published, our nation's capital will have elected a new mayor, the eponymous incumbent Walter Washington having been ousted at last. He was defeated in the Democratic primary by a young upstart named Marion Barry, described as having been a street radical a decade ago, but now a habitué of fashionable tailors and possessed of a studied, orotund diction. Shortly before the election, the *Washington Post* splashed its Holy Water in Barry's direction—a highly significant endorsement because most whites in the District of Columbia don't follow local politics, quite correctly assuming it to be an all-black spoils game. But whites, who vote out of proportion to their numbers (24 percent of the population, and slowly increasing for the first time since 1950), welcome guidance from their magisterial morning newspaper as to which of the various black candidates to vote for. How the *Post* arrives at its judgments nobody is quite sure, because for one thing it is nearly impossible to get anyone in the city government to answer a phone, but D.C. residents who drive off to federal buildings every morning trust their paper to study the entrails at City Hall. So when Barry came in by a whisker the morning after the election, it could safely be assumed that the *Post* endorsement had played an important role. Barry had won most of the white-dominated wards west of Rock Creek Park. City Council Chairman Sterling Tucker finished second, while Washington wound up last.

Most people knew that the man ***not*** to vote for was Washington—a cautious, ineffectual plodder perennially in hiding from the press and everyone else with the exception of a few trusted aides—"trusted, that is, by him, though not often by anyone else," as the *Almanac of American Politics* observed. The most trusted of all his advisors, Joseph Yeldell, formerly director of a rambling, protean, some would say phantom, agency called the Department of Human Resources, was recently convicted of bribery. The Department of Human Resources is a billion-dollar elaboration of the idea that humans have no resources and so are unable to help themselves. As a result, a lot of humans are put on the public payroll at quite high salaries, and more than anyone, it seems, the Department of Human Resources helps *them*. How many such employees there are, exactly, where their offices are located, and what they do inside them, are mysteries that have successfully resisted the investigative resources of newspapers and official inquiry. A last-ditch effort to count the employees sitting at their desks was made last year, but this census was never published, and we may assume the task was never completed.

So with Mr. Yeldell under indictment (as he was in September, the trial not occurring for another month), and with His Honor trailing in the *incomplete* returns on the day after the primary, there was considerable local interest as to whether the Washington administration was done for at last. Would the embattled mayor find enough missing ballots to upset the street-savvy radical of yesteryear and the *Post*'s

Tom Bethell is Washington editor of Harper's *and contributing editor of the* Washington Monthly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dark horse? Would Sterling Tucker, the *Washington Star*'s candidate, find the mere 2,000 votes needed to emerge triumphant? Clearly, though, we would have to wait for an answer. It takes a long time to count the ballots in the capital. Only last July, in a remarkably prescient column, Nicholas von Hoffman had noted that the main problem entailed by the D.C. Voting Rights Amendment, if it were adopted, would be "counting votes, something the city of Washington is all but unable to do...days go by while sodden-headed civil servants go through the agony of arithmetic."

So we waited for the results, patiently at first. The *Washington Post*, displaying the good sportsmanship that comes so easily to winners, was inclined to take an indulgent view of the "ballot box snafus" which began to make their predicted appearance. "D.C.'s Vote-Counting Effort: Good Job in Trying Conditions" the paper hailed five days after the election. Incidentally, less than 100,000 votes had been cast.

By the middle of the following week, however, the *Post* evidently began to worry that victory just might be snatched from the mouth of their gift horse at the post, to cobble a metaphor; in other words, their man might be robbed. And so they embarked on a series of editorials which I like to think will find their way into the curricula of journalism schools under the heading "Power of the Press." Eight days had elapsed since the election, and that was enough in Katharine Graham's domain. The exasperated slap of palms on the boardroom table was finally heard, chairs scraped backward, and editorial and headline writers set off to do their duty.

"Who Won That Primary, Anyway?" the *Post* demanded the next day, continuing: "Guess who's the Democratic candidate for mayor of this city? Marion Barry, you say? Well, so does nearly everyone but it's now the Wednesday after the Wednesday after the election and nobody knows for sure. Yesterday at Tally Central there was another snafu of sorts—or should we say sorters?—and officials stopped the count for the umpteenth time in the pathetic history of election results in the District."

Still nothing from Tally Central the next day. "And The Count Went On...," the *Post* thereupon exclaimed with mounting indignation: "So what has happened to the primary vote count *now*? It is Thursday of the second week, and the rash of excuses and explanations for the delay in producing a complete count is defying belief." Meanwhile, on its front page—so much more important than the editorial page, after all—the *Post* had evidently decided to take matters into its own hands, running a large picture of Barry sitting in a limousine and waving a victory sign. The front-page story had the headline "Official Count Largely Completed: Barry Apparent Mayoralty Winner." But the *Washington Star*, whose man Tucker was still holding onto second place, would only concede that "Barry Lead Grows As Vote Tally Goes On."

By the next day...a new shock. The *Post* was compelled to step back a pace or two just as it was about to clutch for the trophy. "7,000 Votes Uncounted In D.C. Race" was the new front-page headline. But to offset this there was an even larger picture of Barry, who also had decided to go it alone. He held a press conference that day and said: "I am now declaring myself the winner."

"E-Day Plus 10 and Still..." was the title of the *Post*'s third successive editorial, which began: "We shudder to think what insane developments are still to come in the incredible, endless vote count at City Hall...the disarray today is worse than any of us thought yesterday or the day before, when it was intolerable." This was getting beyond the joke stage. If the Oval Office quaked when the *Washington Post* thudded down on the White House doorstep, why had no seismograph in existence yet recorded the tiniest tremble at City Hall? "Who is the mayor right now?" the *Post* bellowed. "Why is it that as of this writing the public has yet to hear one word of concern from Walter Washington about ending what amounts to a community emergency?" The threat of a newspaper-declared "crisis" began to loom.

The *Post* fired off another rocket, this one a star shell shedding a baleful glare over the bureaucratic entrails. In the midst of all the confusion and delay, Shari B. Kharash, the head of the city's election board, was reported to be out of town at her "vacation home" in the Shenandoah Valley. She was reported to be attending to "personal business." And there was her picture beside the story. Bonk. That finished her off. Now maybe the vote-count would speed up a bit.

That afternoon the *Star* came back with a new shock. "Tucker Demands New Election After Another Vote Snafu" was the headline. Tucker, still behind, doubted whether "voters will ever really know who won" the primary. Pondering this riposte, the *Post* calmed down a bit in its next day's editorial. "This strikes us as a reckless thing to say at this point, no matter how clumsy the ballot-counting operation has been," the *Post* said, adding a cautionary little jab in Tucker's direction. "For now, Mr. Tucker, as chairman of the City Council, should be assuming some constructive leadership in seeing to it that the count is completed as quickly and as carefully as possible. Is that too much to expect?" Take a care there, Mr. Tucker!

The *Star*'s reply, in the shape of a long editorial the next day, lacked conviction. "There are, at any rate, enough imponderables...to merit investigation," the paper averred, after conceding that "there are no serious allegations of corruption." Its conclusion was a trifle lame. "We'll never get our voting delegation in Congress if it doesn't look as though we know how to count votes." True enough, but a non sequitur. It still left Tucker out in the cold. Meanwhile, the *Post* in its big Sunday edition perceived that the dawdling vote count had reached a point where it "Assures Barry Victory."

That looked to be the end of it. On Monday the *Post* merely had a small insert on the front page saying, "Twelve days after the election, the votes are all counted and Marion Barry has won." See page A2 for story. But that afternoon the *Star* rejoined strongly—as I immediately surmised—with a headline that suggested the horse race really might have to be run again. There it was on the front page: "D.C. Voters Say They Were Told To Cast 2 Ballots." The "lead" read as follows: "Some D.C. residents in Ward 1 say they voted twice on primary election day because they were instructed to do so by election officials working the polls." It's not often you read *that* in an American newspaper.

This was a real challenge. How would the *Post* meet it the next day? As it turned out—surprisingly simply. It didn't mention the startling allegation at all. Completely ignored it. Its editorial calmly wrapped the whole matter up with a forward-looking air, judiciously proposing ways in which the vote-counting difficulties could be avoided in the future. "At last," the fifth and final editorial commenced, "from the District Building's point of slow returns, there is a complete vote count and it shows what the running count did: that Marion Barry won. And no evidence of fraud, tampering or any gross inaccuracy that would necessitate a new election has been produced...now perhaps the District can move on to the next phase, which is the general election on Nov. 7."

And that was that. No more was heard of the double voting. Marion Barry did indeed win. "Mayor Ponders Life After City Hall" was the *Post*'s new theme. And soon enough it was all forgotten. Don't ask me what really happened. I don't know. Sometimes, it seems, The People's Right to Know runs head on into The Power of the Press. □

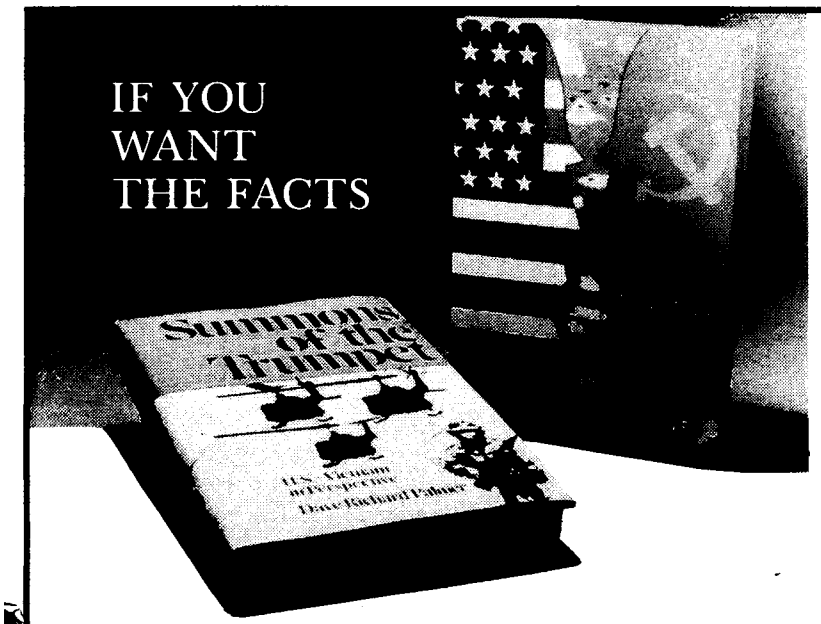
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Nollson

Mid East Countdown

This week's Mid East top twenty-five is brought to you by the friendly folks at Camp David Oldsmobile, where you can make the deal of your life on the Olds of your dreams! Ready? Here we go, go, go!

(25) Sidon, You're Rocking the Boat
(Lebanese Luters, Atlantic)
(24) I Hear Menachem, But You Can't Begin
(Sitdown Sam and the Sinai Settlers, Jet)
(23) Hua Can I Say After Hussein You're Sorry?
(Mojo Mao and the Gang of Four, Capitol)
(22) Amman and a Woman
(Hareem, Epic)
(22a) Oman and a Woman
(Seraglio, Opec)
(21) Shah na-na
(Shah na-na, Opic)
(21a) Sa'ana-na
(Sa'ana-na, Aspic)
(20) Jew Eilat Up My Life
(Jenny and the GroSingers, Tuth'piq)
(19) Just Sarkis in the Night
(Beirut Battlers, Deutsche Gramophone Gesellschaft)
(18) She Loves You Fran-ji-yeh
(Suleiman, Wissenschaft und Gemeinschaft)
(17) I Wanna Hold Your Land
(Sitdown Sam and the Sinai Settlers, Jet, flipside of #24)
(16) Vancing in the Dark
(Danielle Diplomatique, État)
(15) My Heart Belongs to Wadi
(Bert Lance, BMI)
(15a) My Heart Belongs to Mahdi
(Charleton and Laurence, MCA)
(14) Born Kuwait
(The Teddybears, Clamshell)
(13) Tutti Frutti, Baroody
(Milton and the Monetarists, AEI)
(13a) Take Djibouti
(Par See and the Sunshine Band, BEI)
(12) If I Were a Carterer and You Were Mehedi
(Amuzeghur and the Sufis, CEI)
(11) She's the Sweetheart of Zbig Mapai
(Stan Kurd, SRI)
(10) Apocrypha of Miracles
(Geo. Beverly Shea, Faith)
(9) Haifa Got Plenty of Nuthin'
(Paul Robeson, Jr., MGM)
(8) Silva Threads and Golden Needles
(Judy Colinsky, RCA) →



SUMMONS OF THE TRUMPET
U.S.–Vietnam in Perspective
Dave Richard Palmer

A comprehensive, objective, and highly creditable synthesis of America's involvement in Vietnam.
General W. C. Westmoreland

A nonpartisan account . . . enhanced by on-the-scene reportage. Briskly written. *Publishers Weekly*

Why did we get involved? Why did we stay? Colonel Palmer traces U.S. involvement from the almost innocuous decade-long advisory role into the morass of an ever-growing commitment. He writes of mistakes, aggression, and brutality on both sides, and of lessons that must not be lost.

A History Book Club selection

IMBALANCE OF POWER
Shifting U.S.–Soviet Military Strengths
John M. Collins/Anthony H. Cordesman

A superb handbook which collects masses of comparative data in one volume, presents it in a highly usable form, and provides cogent and useful analyses.
Professor David G. Boyd, *Naval War College Review*

The most authoritative, complete assessment of the U.S./Soviet balance that the American citizen and Congress have had available in unclassified form.
Senator Howard Baker, Jr.

A combination of the work of two of the best-qualified analysts of U.S. defense intelligence and national security, this comparison of U.S.–U.S.S.R. military forces shakes the foundations of long-held concepts about national strategy. One of the most thought-provoking books of our generation. *Imbalance of Power* is MUST reading for every concerned American.

Satisfaction guaranteed

At your bookstore, or order from
Presidio Press Distribution Center, Box 978 SP, Edison, NJ 08817

☐ **SUMMONS OF THE TRUMPET** ☐ **IMBALANCE OF POWER**
$12.95 ISBN: 0-89141-041-4 **$6.95, paper ISBN: 0-89141-059-7**

☐ **Latest catalog of books on military history and current affairs.**

Please send titles checked to:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____
☐ **Payment enclosed.** **Charge my** ☐**MC** ☐**Visa** ☐**American Express**
Card Number _____ **Expires** _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(7) Dayan and Dayout
(Genesis, Sophisticate)
(6) I Get B'hai With a Little Help
From My Friends
(Exodus, Hatha)
(5) Smack Dab in the Mitla
(Leviticus, Riyadh)
(4) Aqaba Soul in the Bosom of Abraham
(Isaac Hayes, Sex)

(3) I Feel Gidi
(Chad and Dahomey, Vanguard)
(2) Three Times Zahedi
(The Pahlavis, Voyager)
(1) Arish You Love
(Earl the Pearl, Diamond)

Golden Oldie of the Week
Sudan Always Get What You Want
(Qatar Slim, Atlantic)

Pick Hit of the Week
Teheran-ran-ran
(Attaturk, Pacific)

Album of the Month
Whole Lot of Sheikin' Goin' On
(Ibn Saud al-Assiz
Memorial Orchestra
and Choir, CIA)

BOOK REVIEW

The Pursuit of Equality in American History
J.R. Pole / University of California Press / $14.95

Nathan Glazer

J.R. Pole, of Cambridge University, England, one of those foreign scholars of American history and life who impress us with their learning and enlighten us with a view from the outside of our problems, has taken a very large theme in his book *The Pursuit of Equality in American History*, expanded from a series of lectures he gave at the University of California in Berkeley a few years ago. One sympathizes with him in this enterprise. Since he gave the Berkeley lectures in 1971, and even since he wrote the preface to his book in 1976, a good deal more has happened in the pursuit of equality, and Mr. Pole tries to keep right up with it, not cutting off his discussion at some earlier point where it might be convenient for him.

Mr. Pole's virtues, at a time when a resentful revisionism seems to be the common note of much historical writing, are considerable. We will not find any denunciation of Jefferson for failing to be an abolitionist, Jackson for failing to be a socialist, or Lincoln for failing to incorporate in his thought and action the latest pronouncements of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. And despite Mr. Pole's use of "equality" in the title of his book, he makes it clear that his is a study of "equalities." Equality is a perfectly sound concept, but it has been deployed in so many fields, over two hundred or more years, with so many different arguments and for various ends, that it is reasonable to consider it more plural than singular.

Thus, he begins with the American revolution, where the issue of equality was one, as he presents it, of the equality of Americans with Englishmen. When this equality could not be guaranteed, revolution and independence followed. While this was the initial content of the meaning of equality, it could not be so confined, and in Jefferson's Declaration of Independence and in the new state constitutions following the Declaration a wider political equality was established, with promise of a widening meaning in the future. The second large equality is that of religious equality, and in two chapters Mr. Pole reviews the claims of the non-established sects and denominations, and of the religions—particularly Catholicism—brought by the immigrants. The rights of the poorer part of the community in the early nineteenth century make up another theme in the history of equality: The most striking point here is that the enlightened workingmen (or those who spoke for them) saw a free education as crucial to realizing a greater measure of equality, freedom, and dignity. "Equality of opportunity" emerges in this period as *the* content of the demand for public action for more equality. Mr. Pole argues in his introduction that there is little in the history of American equality that deals with the direct amelioration of economic inequality, and it is only in the Jacksonian period that this theme emerges with any prominence in his analysis. A fourth equality—the one which engrosses the greatest part of his book—is racial equality. No one could argue with this prominence. By my count, it takes up five of his eleven chapters, which include a discussion of the concept of plural and separate development for racial and ethnic groups. Finally, sexual equality takes up one chapter.

Even so, Mr. Pole points out searches for equalities that he has had to forego: economic equality, which has many legitimate sub-themes—taxation, trade unions and their rights, social services and redistributionist programs; regional equality, now a very current issue with the decline of the old industrial-commercial cities; and age-group equality (the young and the old would form separate categories). Anyone dealing with these issues can think of more candidates that even Mr. Pole has not mentioned: equality for the handicapped; the homosexual; the mentally ill; drug addicts and alcoholics, and ex-drug addicts and alcoholics; prisoners. Anyone must make a choice, and Mr. Pole, following the American historical record, has chosen the major public conflicts over equality that have marked American history.

This is a sober and even-toned book. One hungers for more outbreaks of a distinctly individual view of this complex history, for an occasional irreverence, more easily permitted in a foreigner discussing the grand topic of American equality than in a native. I was delighted by a footnote on Franz Boas' famous and "surprising" finding that the head shapes of immigrants changed in the United States to an American norm: "I confess, as a layman, to sharing the surprise [at these changes in head shape], and cannot dismiss the possibility that this was another case of a scientific researcher finding what he was looking for." But I wish there were more passages like this.

More seriously, one hungers for a more powerful, systematic, unifying way of ordering these varied materials on equality than we find in Mr. Pole's book. The recent emergence of the debate between "equality of opportunity" and "equality of result," which dominates current political disputes over equality, seems one possible ordering frame, and to some extent Mr. Pole makes use of it; but clearly it cannot encompass all the varieties of equalities that are dealt with in this book. What is "equality of result" when it comes to religious equality, or any argument over moral perspectives that are reached by public law? And Mr. Pole has been too judicious a historian to read into the past our present concerns.

Yet when he comes to the present, when this ordering frame is truly available, one is left with a certain dissatisfaction. The dissatisfaction is created by a certain slackness in dealing with the new ballooning of

---

Nathan Glazer is professor of education and social structure at Harvard. His many books include Remembering the Answers, Affirmative Discrimination, *and* The Strange Career of American Pluralism *(forthcoming)*.

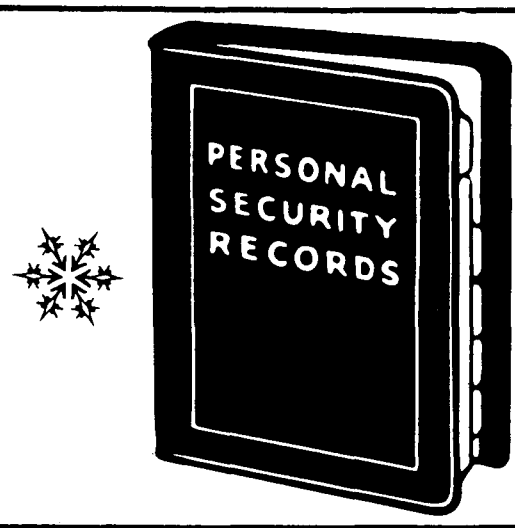
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

claims to equality and the public response to them. Consider, for example, Mr. Pole's discussion of the issue of the sense of powerlessness in certain minorities, highlighted by James Coleman's report on *Equality of Educational Opportunity*. He writes: "It seems reasonable to argue... that society had some obligation to intervene through legislation to prevent this kind of demoralization...," that is, a "general lack of belief in the effectiveness of political action and cynical apathy towards such idealized concepts as that of equality in political power through the exercise of the suffrage, however conscientiously the right of suffrage might have been distributed on the principle of one person, one vote."

Now, it is one thing to record and analyze the different kinds of equalities that have become part of the agenda of public discussion and led to some response, and certainly equality of esteem, of respect, and of effectiveness have been demanded for widening categories, resulting in a surprising expansion of legislation, regulation, and judicial action to realize these somewhat elusive goals. But it is another thing to fail to record the fate of such efforts: their increasing expense; their failures to achieve expected results; their contribution to divisiveness and conflict—and not simply between the more and less equal, but among many groups all of whom have some claim to more equality, a claim created by the exploding and conflicting equalities that public policy now tries to realize. The revolutionary expansion of equality-producing legislation in the past fifteen years seems to me to require a sharper response than acquiescence in the argument that legislation should prevent demoralization and the sense of powerlessness.

One senses in Mr. Pole's final chapter, "An Incomplete Revolution," too great a complacency and equanimity in treating the issues of the present as simply marking one more stage in the history of the American search for equality. So they do. But to many—and to me—this is a stage in which the concept of equality has undergone a remarkable change, and for the worse. In his conclusion, Mr. Pole seems to recognize this: "...a policy of imposing an absolute equality of results as the actual determinant of the measure of equal justice in social, economic, or educational policy would represent a substantial departure from earlier methods of assessment, and from all previous concepts of equality of opportunity." Quite so. But it would be a sharp reader who would close the book making any more of this sentence than of a number of others of equal or greater weight which do nothing to suggest that we have come to a critical turning point in the history of the search for equality.

My own sense that this is the case may represent an excessive present-mindedness; but when I examine Mr. Pole's handling of the present, in contrast to the past, I am convinced that he does not have a detailed enough grasp on recent developments—in particular, the expansion of recent legislation and accompanying regulations—to give them a proper weight in his account. The change from "equality of opportunity" to "equality of result," a ragged and uncertain change which we see partially realized in judicial decisions, legislation, and regulations, best sums up the distinctive quality of the present. But it needs an immersion in the specifics of this change to estimate whether and to what extent it represents a further stage in the pursuit of equality or a departure from everything that pursuit has meant in two centuries of American history. □



IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT HELPS SAVE ON TAXES!

If you own securities, you'll want the benefits of a unique loose-leaf personal records book developed by Wayne Hummer & Co. to help you save on taxes.

The authors of this book recognize that many investors pay income taxes because they fail to keep accurate lifetime records. Not only does this book keep an accurate record of your taxable income, but you know instantly at all times your profit and loss from security sales and the exact status of your investments.

More than 60,000 Chicagoland investors have found the Wayne Hummer & Co. personal records book invaluable. Already we are receiving advance Christmas gift orders to mail to friends of users. To avoid delays in holiday mail deliveries use the convenient coupon below now.

PRICE $4.50

WAYNE HUMMER & CO.

Members:
New York, American, Midwest Stock Exchange
175 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 60604 • (312) 431-1700

Send me ( ) Personal Security Records books. Enclosed is $4.50 for each order. If not satisfied I may return for refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

AmSpec

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEW

La Nouvelle Censure
Jean-François Revel / Robert Laffont
Demain le capitalisme
Henri Lepage / Le Livre de Poche
Autogestion et capitalisme
Henri Lepage / Masson
L'Établi
Robert Linhart / Minuit

Roger Kaplan

Philosopher and journalist Jean-François Revel is one of the most controversial figures in French public life. In 1976 he published a book called *The Totalitarian Temptation* which created a furor because it announced that the Socialist Party was letting itself be "colonized" by the Communists. The book was a huge success—there can be little doubt that it contributed to the electoral defeat of the Left last March—but the intellectuals of the Left and the Communists hated it. The only thing remotely comparable to their violent response in recent American memory was the reception accorded Edward Banfield's *The Unheavenly City* by the liberal social-science establishment. In *La Nouvelle Censure* Revel has meticulously chronicled the reaction to *The Totalitarian Temptation*, and his analysis provides fresh confirmation of the thesis he expounded in that earlier book.

From the day *The Totalitarian Temptation* was previewed in a special edition of *L'Express*, there began a vicious, bitter, slanderous campaign aimed at its suppression. There already exists in France a problem of straightforward censorship due to Stalinist infiltration of various sectors of the media; but in the case of a best-selling author and so powerful à magazine as *L'Express*, the danger of censorship was not direct. Instead, the Communists and their friends did their best to persuade the public that Revel was not worth reading.

The cruelest—or perhaps one should say the most unbelievable—blow of all appeared in *Le Monde* on the day of the book's appearance. *Le Monde* is, like the *New York Times*, more than a newspaper; it is an institution. It is supposedly the most objective, fair, intelligent, and complete paper in France. It carries no photos and it has no funnies. *Le Monde* is the most boring newspaper I have ever read, and I suspect that it is the most tiresome paper in the free world. But like everyone else, I have always assumed I need *Le Monde*, when in Europe, to know "what's going on." On 12 January 1976, *Le Monde*'s publisher personally attacked *The Totalitarian Temptation* on page one. Accusing the socialists of being fools for seeking unity with the Communists, said M. Fauvet, is a "simplistic" thesis. It is rather the centrist social-democrats like Revel who are fools, and who lead the non-Communist Left to suicide.

This short item by a man who apparently did not take the trouble to read Revel's short book in full set the tone for the press's reaction to *The Totalitarian Temptation*: distort and dismiss. But why did so many of France's journalists (and Revel shows that his book encountered the same problems as translations appeared in other European countries) find it so difficult to deal objectively with his theses? The answer, probably, is that he touched upon one of the most sensitive nerves in the leftist physiology, the fact that the history of the socialist movement is a history of failure: failure of theory, failure of practice, and failure to face this double truth, which in turn leads to failure to resist the better discipline of the Communist parties. Symptomatically, *Le Monde* made great sport, in the long review it eventually published of his book, of Revel's petulant inability to recognize that the Communists could evolve and become worthy partners of the socialists.

Revel therefore turned to the Communists to see just how much they have in fact evolved. Their reaction to criticism, after all, may indicate how they might be expected to behave if they hold power.

He found himself in a debate on television with René Andrieu, editor-in-chief of *L'Humanité*, the Communist daily, and Jacques Delors, representing the socialists. The panel was supposedly convened to examine the points Revel had made in his book; what occurred was a travesty of rational discourse.

First, every trick was used to prevent serious conversation from taking place, up to and including interruptions. Then Andrieu tried to pass off *L'Express* as a "totalitarian" magazine because a number of journalists on its staff had objected to the special issue featuring Revel's book and of course had been overruled. This would seem laughable. But it was in fact a clever tactic. With this sort of nonsense going on throughout the program, it was effectively impossible for Revel to address the issues which he thought he had been invited to discuss.

The really awful thing, however, was the performance of the socialist Delors, who not only did not come to Revel's defense, but for all practical purposes sided with Andrieu. At all costs he did not want to be associated with Revel, whom the Communist was freely calling a cop, a whore, and, especially, a reactionary. Revel's point, in recounting the episode, is that Communist tactics—grotesque as they may appear to us—are still effective. Somehow, they are still legitimate on the Left, and a leftist cannot bear to be insulted by them. He knows too well that he will let himself be persuaded the insult is true.

This moral abdication—one of the themes, to repeat, of *The Totalitarian Temptation*—was not merely something that happened on one evening of video silliness. The articles in the socialist press (said to be in the hands of democrats), which were signed by François Mitterrand's closest advisors, proved Revel's thesis in the worst way. Claude Estier, National Secretary of the Socialist Party, virtually accused Revel of receiving dictation from Henry Kissinger, and of being an associate of pornographers (the pornography theme stemmed from the fact that *L'Express* had published some excerpts from the noted classic of French parlor humor, *Story of O*, two months earlier). It is interesting, says Revel, that Estier, the official spokesman of the Socialist Party, repeated the sort of trash that originally had appeared in the Communist press, including *Pravda*. How, he wonders, can we believe the socialists when they tell us the Communists are "evolving," when on the face of it, it is they who look more and more like their Marxist-Leninist mentors?*

The case Revel made for the intellectual and moral situation on the Left was graphically illustrated when the Communist Party, in a lurid display of the kind of political behavior it had, supposedly, outgrown, torpedoed the Union of the Left in the March 1978 elections. It is arguable, to be sure, that the center would have held anyway, thanks, precisely, to the efforts of Revel and other journalists who informed the reading

---

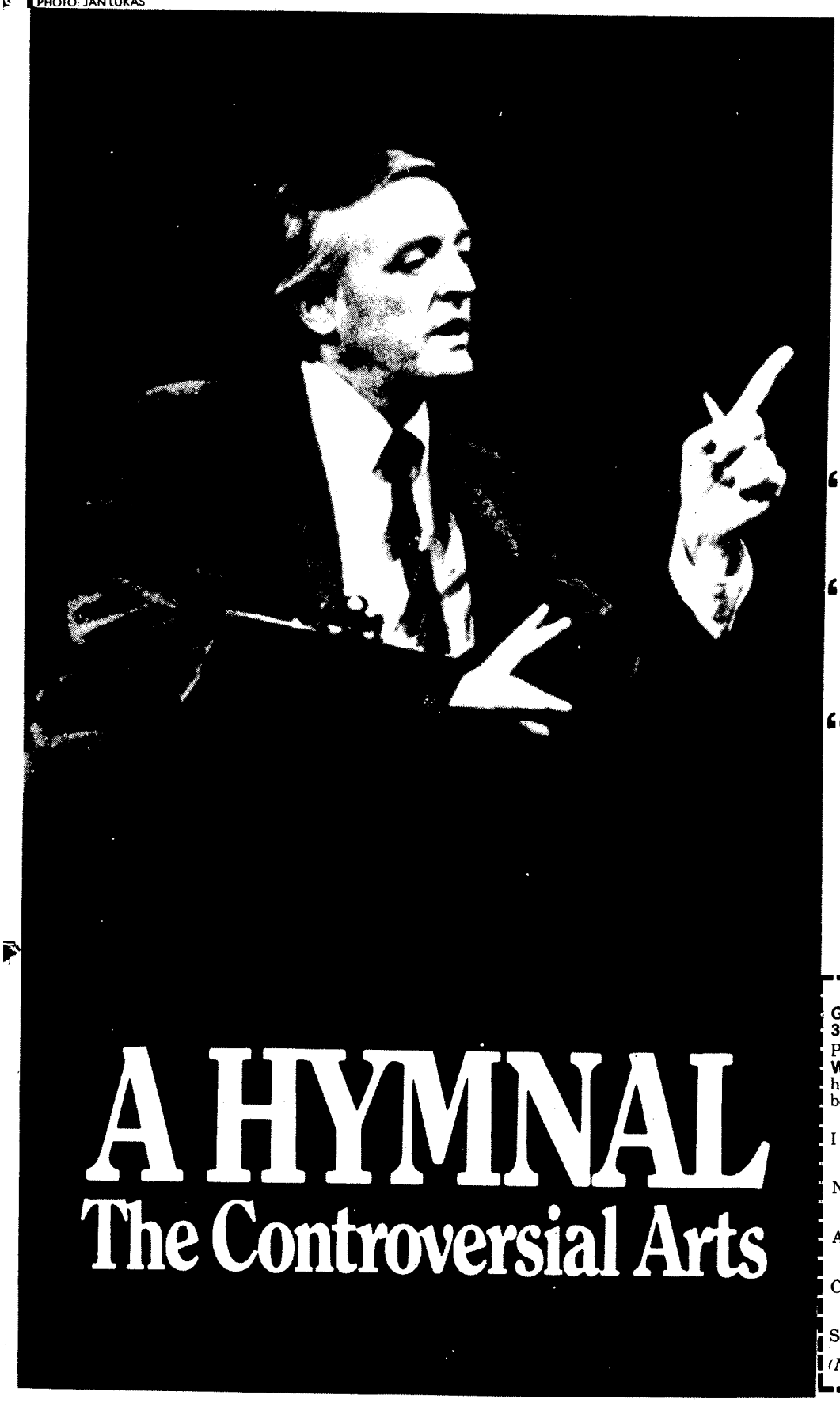
Roger Kaplan is a program officer with the Smith Richardson Foundation.

* Estier, as it happens, was the editor of a fellow-travelling newspaper subsidized by the Communist Party until 1964, when it ceased publication. He knows his job. Exactly like the Communist "journalists," he never tried to answer Revel's arguments, preferring to attack his character and misrepresent his book.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William F. Buckley, Jr.'s newest and best!

PHOTO: JAN LUKAS



This is the best of William Buckley's work from the last three years. It is the scintillating new volume by "an urbane and truthful observer, a man of sustained principle." – *Boston Globe.* Whether evoking the last days of Cardinal Mindszenty or the insatiable curiosity of Hubert Humphrey... dissecting the selling of a bestseller or the political conventions of 1976... or analyzing the character and policies of Jimmy Carter and his two predecessors... Buckley is at his urbane, articulate best. And that, as thousands of readers – and viewers of *Firing Line* – know, is very fine indeed.

"Essays of range and pungency in the tradition of Addison and Steele."
– Los Angeles Times

"Buckley certainly deserves his reputation as one of the wittiest political satirists writing today."
– N.Y. Times Book Review

"He remains the constantly stimulating champion of real liberty against a host of seductions in our political, economic, and social life."
– The Wall Street Journal

Just Published / $12.95 at bookstores, or mail this coupon now!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

AS-12

G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS
390 Murray Hill Parkway, East Rutherford, N.J. 07073

Please send me **A HYMNAL: The Controversial Arts by William F. Buckley, Jr.** @ $12.95, plus 75¢ for postage & handling. If not completely satisfied, I may return the book within 10 days for a full refund.

I enclose $_____check/money order.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip_____

(N.Y. & N.J. residents: add sales tax.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public honesty, as well as to the indefatigable campaigning of Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist leader. However, the Communists made it easier, attacking their nominal partners more bitterly than their opponents. Their aim was to recover their status as France's biggest party of the Left, even if it meant keeping the Left out in the cold.

What will happen next? It is difficult to say, but I believe with minds like Revel's, France will continue to surprise us. For here is a man who, in *The Totalitarian Temptation*, continued to proclaim his fidelity to socialist economic planning (in fact, he said global planning) and yet is now reporting his enthusiastic discovery of a young liberal economist, Henri Lepage, who in two books this year (*Demain le capitalisme*—"Tomorrow, capitalism"—and *Autogestion et capitalisme*—"Self-management and capitalism") has defended free enterprise with a vigor and lucidity worthy of Milton Friedman.

If we understand liberalism as a mistrust of intervention by the state into the lives of its citizens, then France surely has a liberal tradition, represented, for example, by the late Jacques Rueff. Until recently—as Revel's own case shows—liberalism has not been exactly the hit number among French intellectuals. With the emergence of Lepage, a debate is reopening that is long overdue in France: Does the state really contribute to economic and social progress? Is self-management as proclaimed by socialist trade-union men really the way to make jobs more fulfilling and increase the standard of living? Do price controls, growth plans, and government intervention (all part of the French *dirigiste* tradition since the end of World War II) really aid the economy's performance? It is quite remarkable to see Lepage, in an interview with Revel, answer all these questions negatively.

With *Demain le capitalisme*, Lepage has produced a book that seems to be lacking in the United States: a complete but eminently readable summary of postwar American neo-liberalism, which is often referred to as a conservative movement to distinguish it from the liberalism of the Democratic Party. Lepage's mentors are Ronald Coase, Milton Friedman, George Stigler, Yale Brozen. He has studied Gordon Tullock and James Buchanan. Most of all, he has studied Gary Becker. Yet, far from mechanically transferring their lessons to the French scene, Lepage sees their work as a challenge to his contemporaries. If the Americans can use the rigorous application of economics to gain so original a perspective on the social and historical problems relevant to their society, he says, then we must learn to do the same: for what is most urgently needed are new ideas and fresh voices in French political discourse. Nevertheless, that he has soaked up his lessons a little too dogmatically, as well as brilliantly, is reflected in his answer to the question that he puts to himself rhetorically in his book: What sort of economic planning would you propose for France? Lepage says none.

He knows there can be no question of an abrupt return to *laissez-faire*, especially as such a program has no constituency in France (or elsewhere). He believes that in the long term, liberals must successfully demonstrate that their objective, in opposition to the socialists', "is not to impose an *end*, but to be concerned with the *means* that result in the best possible compromises among the various individual and collective preferences and aims which, at any given moment, make up the matrix of the conflicting interests and aspirations of the social body." This is a fine specimen of the French gift for definitions, and it states very nicely the preoccupation with freedom, as opposed to an ideal society, which motivates classical liberalism.

Capitalism, Lepage points out, is anything but reactionary, and liberals must rescue it from its identification with conservatism when the latter means, as it usually does in Europe, a statist authoritarianism that is often very hostile to the free market. But Lepage knows that the regulated and centralized economy in his country will not be wished away, and he knows that the changes in cultural attitudes required for the success of his ideas are profound. He therefore suggests that the first task of the liberals in France be a vast enterprise in economic education.

Some commentators in America, notably Paul Weaver, have remarked that economic education, if it means explaining the market system to the masses who usually know perfectly well what it is, may be a misguided strategy for the defense of capitalism. However, the French situation is quite different, for in France there exists a long-standing cult of the state. The public interest is too easily identified with the state's. The theme of Lepage's proposed course, therefore, is:

> The true defense of the public interest is thus the attitude consisting of trying to restore in society the maximum number of mechanisms of exchange, always bearing in mind that perfection is unattainable.

Lepage says there is little a liberal, in his sense of the word, would do that M. Raymond Barre is not doing. In the wake of the government's victory last spring, the economist-Prime Minister is very gently modifying his course, away from the artificial austerity measures he felt were needed to fight inflation, toward a loosening of controls. His tax policies seem to favor business investment; at the same time, he will not have the state bailing out mismanaged or failing companies. The public appreciation of what the state can best do for the citizen will come gradually. Lepage, for all his passionate defense of the free market, is not a man of drastic politics.

It is refreshing to learn, from men like Revel and Lepage, that French intellectual life, which so often gives the impression of being narrow and anachronistic and shot through with orthodoxies, is in reality still full of that skeptical, moderate, clear-eyed, and ironic vision which is crucial to what is best in this nation's mentality. And it is interesting in this connection to take note, by way of contrast, of a fourth book which has appeared recently and received much attention, Robert Linhart's *L'Établi*.

Linhart was and remains a Maoist, by now a description so wrapped in contradiction that it is practically useless, but which in his case means that in the late 1960s he saw in the "thoughts" of Mao Tse-tung a fantastic opportunity to justify his detestation of freedom and his aversion for the critical and detached attitude of a man in his position, that is a university professor. French Maoism was above all the profound and collective cecity of a large handful (several thousand) of highly-trained humanists. The first thing it allowed them to do was to reject humanism, which demanded far more of them than their moral fiber could take, and it did this, as one might know, in the guise of a heroic moral calling. Linhart and many others in those days "went to the people." ("Get yourself a good pair of workshoes," was one of Mao's more insightful cogitations.)

They did not last very long. Linhart was "established" (hence the first part of the double-meaning of the French word for workbench which is used for the title) in an automobile assembly plant for less than a year. As befits the most unskilled labor force of this necessary sideline of industrial civilization, most of Linhart's co-workers were south Europeans and north Africans, immigrants who took difficult jobs in painful conditions (living in miserable flats or company dormitories) in order to break out of the stagnation of their hometowns. The few skilled workers he met were usually French, for example the one with the old workbench (hence the second meaning of the title) which is replaced in a period of thoughtless modernization, leaving the man, ironically, handicapped in the performance of his work.

Factory life is, Linhart informs us, bitter. The work is disgusting, boring, sometimes dangerous. The organization of labor at this level creates daily opportunities for humiliation and sorrow. In describing this life, in relating the ways men help each other and themselves to preserve their dignity, their hopes, their sense of humor, Linhart writes some very moving passages. But when he lets the Maoist out—not as often as I'd expected, fortunately—he is very weak. The simplest question never seems to have occurred to him: Why do these men freely submit to this regimen? Of course for him to go into a factory is a great sacrifice (though I wonder if in truth it is not a great self-indulgence); for them, it is a chance to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finance a younger brother's education, to send some money to parents, to live, albeit unostentatiously, in a world absolutely unavailable at home—a world which contains some chance for modest betterment. (The crowning irony occurs when Linhart, who is Jewish, forces himself to rationalize away the primitive anti-Semitism of a Moroccan fellow-worker.) Nobody ever said immigrants had it easy. Irving Howe recently reminded us of this universal fact in his book *World of Our Fathers.*

For Linhart to justify Maoism by going to work in a factory makes about as much sense as trying to justify gun-control by taking a walk through Harlem, around 140th Street near Saint Nicholas Place. But what I really mean to do, in contrasting Linhart with Lepage, is to show that in France today the great clash of Voltaire and Rousseau continues: the one laughing through his tears, the other denying that tears need be a permanent part of the human condition (and crying a lot all the while). This is, at bottom, a debate as to whether or not we can, we should, accept the world, the modern world in particular of course. One must remember that when romantics wish for a bygone era (or a utopian future) they are not serious; it is really life with its stink and death that they object to, and the jokes that the realists invent to make the going a bit less dreadful affront their sense of justice only because they identify justice so closely with their own unfulfilled and unfulfillable needs. □

If You Love Words,

you'll love VERBATIM,

The Language Quarterly

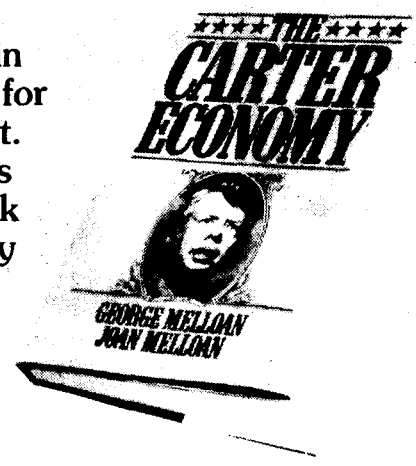
dealing with all aspects of language. Send $5.00 (U.S.) or $5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. (Allow 6 weeks.)

VERBATIM

POST OFFICE BOX 668AS
ESSEX, CT. 06426 U.S.A.

Where is he taking us???

Jimmy Carter's first year in office was an eventful one for taxpayers—to say the least. Carter's economic policies will affect *your* pocketbook in the months immediately ahead and for years to come. But how?



The answers lie in

THE CARTER ECONOMY

—an incisive analysis by George Melloan, a leading *Wall Street Journal* editorialist, and Joan Melloan, a respected freelance writer. In this hard-hitting, yet thoughtful book, the Melloans critically examine the Carter economic record on energy, tax reform, inflation, trade deficits, and all other vital issues—and make astute, informed predictions on the future of our economy under Carter.

"Full of insights." —*Chicago Tribune*

"An excellent background reader... the chapter on health care alone is worth the price." —*Barron's*

(see the review in this issue of *American Spectator*)

For all those who want to know where our economy is going, this is the essential book.

(0 471 03374-X) 1978
312 pp. $12.95

"Readable and revealing."*

THE PRODIGAL SOUTH RETURNS TO POWER

Harry S. Dent

Harry Dent—architect of the Nixon/Ford "Southern Strategy," former protege of Strom Thurmond, and one of the chief movers-and-shakers of conservative politics—goes right to the heart of your most vital political concerns in the fascinating new "insider's" book.

Here are the public stands and private maneuverings of leading Republican and Conservative figures throughout the last three elections; the hidden struggles to bring the two-party system back to Dixie; and an important prescription from the author for Republican victory in 1980. **Must reading** for all who care about the kind of man we put in the Oval Office.

"Harry Dent understands politics as well as anyone I know, and he is one of the finest practitioners of the political arts in the country today."
—from the Foreword by Gerald R. Ford

(0 471 03913-6) 1978
308 pp. $12.95

**Southern Living*

JOHN WILEY & SONS
605 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
In Canada: 22 Worcester Road, Rexdale, Ontario

Examine either of these eye-opening books—FREE for 15 days!
Available at your local bookstore—or use this handy coupon.

Please send the books indicated for 15-DAY FREE EXAMINATION.
(Restricted to the continental U.S. and Canada.)
☐ Melloan/CARTER ECONOMY (0 471 03374-X) ☐ Dent/PRODIGAL SOUTH (0 471 03913-6)
Mail to: **JOHN WILEY & SONS,** P.O. Box 092, Somerset, N.J. 08873
☐ Payment enclosed, plus sales tax. Wiley pays postage/handling. We normally ship within 10 days. If shipment cannot be made within 90 days, payment will be refunded.
☐ Bill me. ☐ Bill firm or institution.

NAME _____ AFFILIATION _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE/ZIP _____

Prices subject to change without notice. 092 A 3426-54

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Distinguished

AMERICAN MUSIC SINCE 1910
Virgil Thomson. Holt (pap) 2.95 **1.00**
Major essays on Ives, Ruggles, Varese, & others, some great photos, then 106 short biographies, by one of our finest composers and critics

ANTI-WORLDS & THE FIFTH ACE: A Bilingual Edition
Andrei Voznesensky. Schocken (pap) 3.95 **1.00**
The most complete collection of his poems available, with translations by Richard Wilbur, Stanley Moss, Stanley Kunitz, W.H. Auden (who writes a foreword) & others

ANTAEUS

Antaeus 13/14. Spring/Summer 1974. 7.95 **1.98**
The large "Special Fiction" issue with Hawkes, Gaddis, Boyle, Nin, Isherwood, Mishima, Mailer, Lewis Carroll (w. Edward Gorey)

Antaeus 16. Winter, 1975. 3.50 **1.00**
Special Translation Issue (v. 2) with Delacroix, Quasimodo, Alberti, Flann O'Brien

Antaeus 24. Winter, 1976. 3.50 **1.00**
Irving, Coover, McPherson, Lurie, Fravola, Wright, Fitzgerald

Antaeus 25/26. Spring/Summer 1977. 6.95 **1.98**
Popular Fiction Issue (mysteries, scifi, & westerns) with Lem, Chandler, Zelazny, Milton, LeGuin, *Macdonald, MacDonald*

Antaeus 27. Autumn 1977. 3.50 **1.49**
Ashbery, Jane Bowles, Calvino, Malraux, Wagoner, Berry

Antaeus 28. Winter 1978. 3.50 **1.49**
Lorca, Fowles, Hughes, Strand, Gluck, Rorem, Elkin, Plath

THE ART OF MARK TWAIN
William M. Gibson. Oxford 10.00 **2.98**
Offers special attention to Twain's fine and little-known short pieces & new avenues of insight into the familiar works

ARTIE & PINK MARSH
George Ade. Chicago 6.00 **1.98**
Two classic comic novels of a brash young Chicago. "I have been reading him again ... and my admiration has overflowed all limits, all frontiers."—Mark Twain

THE AUNT'S STORY
Patrick White. Viking 7.95 **1.98**
One of White's best, about a woman launched by her mother's death into a complex search for peace and reality

THE BARK TREE
Raymond Queneau. New Dir. (pap) 3.95 **1.00**
Queneau's first novel, now a classic, praised by Robbe-Grillet as "20 years ahead of its time"

BEATING THE BUSHES: Selected Essays 1941-1970
John Crowe Ransome. New Dir. (pap) 3.45 **1.00**
The later essays of one of America's finest poets and critics, founding editor of *Kenyon Review*

BEETHOVEN & HIS NEPHEW: A Psychoanalytic Study of Their Relationship
E. & R. Sterba. Schocken (pap) 3.45 **1.00**
"A well-written, fascinating, and, in many ways, wholly believable case study."—*Library Journal*

MAX BLACK

MARGINS OF PRECISION: Essays in Logic and Language
Max Black. Cornell 12.50 **2.98**
Essays by the distinguished American philosopher that illuminate, for the general reader and specialist alike, aspects of language and thought

THE MORALITY OF SCHOLARSHIP
Max Black, ed. Cornell 7.50 **1.98**
Essays by Northrop Frye, Stuart Hampshire & Conor Cruise O'Brien, with a long foreword by Black

A BOOK OF SONNETS
Robert Nye, ed. Oxford 12.50 **2.98**
350 sonnets, from the 16th century to the present, poems for every possible preoccupation

BOOK OF ENGLISH PASTORAL VERSE
J. Barrell & J. Bull, eds. Oxford 13.95 **4.98**
A lovely anthology of poetry as well as an authoritative literary study

BOTTOM DOGS, FROM FLUSHING TO CALVARY, THOSE WHO PERISH
Edward Dahlberg. Minerva (pap) 5.95 **1.49**
A giant omnibus volume of Dahlberg's great novels from the 30's and some hitherto unpublished and uncollected works

BOURBON STREET BLACK
J. Buerkle & D. Barker. Oxford 8.95 **1.98**
The rhythm and spirit of the New Orleans jazz world is captured with extensive personal interviews skillfully interwoven with a social history of its development

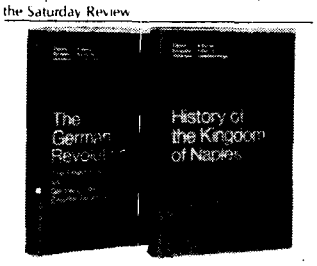
CELINE
Patrick McCarthy. Viking 10.00 **3.98**
"... beautifully written ... At last Celine has found his biographer."—*New Society*

CHARLES OLSON & EZRA POUND: An Encounter at St. Elizabeth's
Charles Olson. Grossman 11.95 **3.98**
Olson's notes, diaries, & poems written from his many visits with Pound. "Memorable, mournful, yet exhilarating."—Donald Davie

JOHN CIARDI

AS IF. Rutgers 7.50 **1.00**
IN THE STONEWORKS. Rutgers 7.50 **1.00**
LIVES OF X. Rutgers 9.75 **1.00**
PERSON TO PERSON. Rutgers 9.50 **1.00**
39 POEMS. Rutgers 6.00 **1.00**
Five volumes of poetry from one of our finest and most approachable poets, premier translator of the *Divine Comedy*

MANNER OF SPEAKING
John Ciardi. Rutgers 17.50 **1.98**
A compendium of Ciardi's wonderful columns in the Saturday Review



CLASSIC EUROPEAN HISTORIANS

THE GERMAN REVOLUTIONS: The Peasant War in Germany & Germany: Revolution & Counter-Revolution
Friedrich Engels. Chicago 8.75 **2.98**
Engels' histories of social revolution in Germany have long been primary sources for Marxist and non-Marxist historians alike

HISTORY OF THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES
Benedetto Croce. Chicago 11.00 **3.98**
The first English translation of one of the major histories of the great Italian critic & philosopher of the early 20th century

CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DICTIONARY
J.W. Fuchs. Oxford 10.00 **2.98**
A profusely-illustrated encyclopedia of Graeco-Roman life and literature

THE COMIC IMAGINATION IN AMERICAN LITERATURE
Louis J. Rubin, Jr., ed. Rutgers 20.00 **2.98**
Essays charting the American literary flight-of-fancy from colonial times to the Harlem Renaissance and the anti-novel, from Hawthorne & Melville to Kesey & Nabokov

CONCEPTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE
Alfred Harbage. Schocken (pap) 1.95 **1.00**
Essays by the foremost American Shakespeare scholar

CONTRARIES: Studies in German Literature
Michael Hamburger. Dutton (pap) 2.95 **1.00**
Hamburger's fine essays on Holderlin, von Kleist, Heine, Buchner, Mann, Trakl, Benn & others

COUNTERFEITERS: An Historical Comedy
Hugh Kenner. Doubleday (pap) 1.95 **1.00**
The author of *The Pound Era* has fun with the Enlightenment, Buster Keaton, Joyce, Pope, & other animals, authors & internal machines

D.H. LAWRENCE: The World of the Five Major Novels
Scott Sanders. Viking 8.95 **2.98**
A lucid and innovative study that is "one of the very best books about D.H. Lawrence that I have ever read."—Mark Shorer

DOCUMENTS OF 20th CENTURY ART

FUTURIST MANIFESTOS
Umbro Apollonio, ed. Viking 12.50 **4.98**
The long-awaited anthology of the most significant Futurist writings, with fine plates of important paintings & good photographs

THE TRADITION OF CONSTRUCTIVISM
Stephen Bann, ed. Viking 16.50 **4.98**
The finest writings of constructivist art, opposing personal, expressionistic art with abstraction and formal construction. 88 illus.

DOSTOEVSKY

NOTEBOOKS FOR *CRIME & PUNISHMENT*
Edward Wasiolek, ed. & tr. Chicago 9.50 **3.98**
NOTEBOOKS FOR *THE POSSESSED*
Wasiolek, ed. & Terras, tr. Chicago 12.50 **3.98**
NOTEBOOKS FOR *A RAW YOUTH*
Wasiolek, ed. & Terras, tr. Chicago 15.00 **3.98**
"One feels like an eavesdropper on Dostoevsky's artistic self-communings."—E.J. Simmons

THE GAMBLER with the DIARY OF POLINA SUSLOVA
Fyodor Dostoevsky. Chicago 9.95 **2.98**
D's most autobiographical novel, concerning his passion for gambling and his turbulent affair with Polina Suslova (whose diary and short story about D's love for her are included)

ESQUIRE: The Best of Forty Years
McKay. 12.95 **3.98**
A large collection of great short pieces ranging from lit to fashion from the pages of Esquire

EZRA POUND
Donald David. Viking 7.95 **2.98**
"David's mercurial thrusts give me vertigo, but he never writes a paragraph that does not pierce something. As this new Pound book proves, he must be one of the finest poet-critics since the death of Randall Jarrell."—Robt. Lowell

FOUR FARCES
Georges Feydeau. Chicago 12.00 **3.98**
Comedies in the lusty tradition of the French bedroom farce ... rates second only to Moliere as a French comic genius."—M. Achaud

GEORG PHILLIP TELEMANN
Richard Petzoldt. Oxford 7.50 **2.98**
The life and work of the great German composer

WILLIAM GERHARDIE

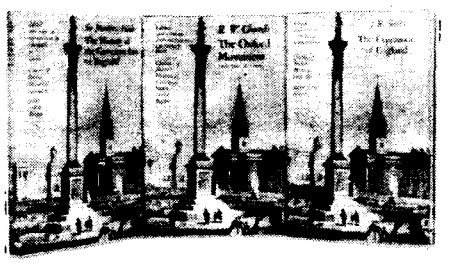
"He is a comic writer of genius ... but his art is protean. Six serious underneath the shamelessness of farce his themes are the great ones of love, grief & death, of intimations of joy, and of our imprisonment in the world of flesh & [illegible]."—C.P. Snow. Matched, definitive editions with introductions by Michael Holroyd

DOOM. St. Martin's 8.95 **1.98**
OF MORTAL LOVE. St. Martin's 7.95 **1.98**
THE POLYGLOTS. St. Martin's 7.95 **1.98**
PRETTY CREATURES. St. Martin's 8.95 **1.98**

GERMAN CLASSICS IN TRANSLATION

FRIEDRICH HOLDERIN & EDUARD MORIKE: Selected Poems
Christopher Middleton, tr. Chicago 11.50 **2.98**
MINNA VON BARNHELM
Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Chicago 6.50 **2.98**
THE TUTOR & THE SOLDIERS
J.M.R. Lenz. Chicago 7.50 **2.98**
WILHELM TELL
Friedrich von Schiller. Chicago 7.75 **2.98**
Exceptional new translations that bring out the vitality of the classics of German literature, in handsome, matched, critical editions

THE GOOD SOLDIER SVEJK and His Fortunes in the World War
Jaroslav Hasek. Crowell (pap) 5.95 **1.98**
The popular Czech classic, a wonderful parody of the bumbling and rigid military mind



CLASSICS OF BRITISH HISTORICAL LITERATURE

HISTORY OF THE COMMON LAW IN ENGLAND
Sir Matthew Hale. Chicago 9.00 **2.98**
The first comprehensive account of the growth of English law and a fascinating document of the complex intellectual transformation of the 17th century

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: Twelve Years, 1833-1845
R.W. Church. Chicago 9.00 **2.98**
One of the great Victorian men of letters mingled autobiographical reminiscences with historical analysis to produce a classic of 19th century Anglican history

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND
J.R. Seeley. Chicago 9.50 **2.98**
One of the key documents for understanding late Victorian imperialism—a best seller when published in 1883

EDWARD GOREY

DONALD AND THE . . .
Peter Neumeyer w. drawings by Edward Gorey. Addisonian Press 4.95 **1.98**
Donald's mother let him keep the white worm he found and it developed. "I was entertained by the story, but as a prospective teacher I am unaware of the value of the story for children."—letter to the author

WHY WE HAVE DAY AND NIGHT
Peter Neumeyer w. drawings by Edward Gorey. Young Scott 3.50 **1.98**
An illustration of a phenomenon "much better presented in any number of easy science books."—Coordinator of Library Media, Shaker Heights School District, First edition

HEARING SECRET HARMONIES
Anthony Powell. Little, Brown 7.95 **1.49**
The last novel, set in the 60's, of Powell's comic and "incalculably brilliant series."—*Time*

HISTORICAL ESSAYS OF OTTO HINTZE
Felix Gilbert, ed. Oxford 18.50 **2.98**
Hintze's penetrating mind and immense factual knowledge make him one of the most stimulating historians of this century

HOBBES'S THUCYDIDES
Richard Schlatter, ed. Rutgers (pap) 6.95 **1.98**
"By long odds the greatest translation of Thucydides in English."—David Grene

HONEY & WAX: The Power and Pleasures of Narrative
Richard Stern, ed. Chicago 10.00 **2.98**
A wonderful anthology spread over the arts & times, with each artist simply concerned with the telling of a tale. Casanova, Pound, Schubert, Montaigne, Proust, Bowles, Yeats, Nabokov

HYDRA: A GREEK ISLAND TOWN: Its Growth & Form
Constantine E. Michaelides. Chicago 10.50 **3.98**
Architectural drawings and photographs of this ancient amphitheatral town illustrate a brief history that is a "detailed and interesting study enriching our understanding of how and why cities grow."—*TLS*

IMPERIALISM & NATIONALISM IN THE FERTILE CRESCENT: Sources and Prospects of the Arab-Israeli Conflict
Sir Richard Allen. Oxford 15.95 **3.98**
A fine analysis of the conflict that emphasizes the destructive role played by the major world powers through history, from the Persian and Turkish Empires to Great Britain, the USSR & the US

IN CUBA
Ernesto Cardenal. New Dir. (pap) 3.95 **1.00**
A spontaneous and unprejudiced account of life in a revolutionary society, by the Nicaraguan poet, including his interview with Castro

AN INQUIRY INTO THE HUMAN MIND
Thomas Reid. Chicago 13.50 **3.98**
A major work by the great Scottish philosopher, concerning the distinction between sensing and perceiving

JOHN DRYDEN: Four Comedies
JOHN DRYDEN: Four Tragedies
Beaurline & Bowers, eds. Chicago 12.00ea. **3.98ea**
Handsome critical editions, with old-spelling texts

LETTERS TO HIS WIFE
Alban Berg. St. Martin's 15.00 **4.98**
Berg, who, with Schoenberg & Webern, realigned the rules by which modern music is written, wrote deeply about his music and life in these letters

THE LITERARY DECADE
Allen Churchill. Prentice-Hall 9.95 **2.98**
An intimate look at the book world of the Twenties, when publishing experienced an unprecedented boom, with enjoyable portraits of writers and editors, legendary and forgotten

LITTLE DORRIT
Charles Dickens. Macmillan (pap) 3.50 **1.49**
A critical edition that includes Dickens' outline for each monthly installment, biographical data, the preface to the 1857 edition, notes, and a map

LOST GODS OF ENGLAND
Brian Branston. Oxford 10.00 **4.98**
Through patient detective work Branston has reconstructed the mythology of Anglo-Saxon gods in a beautiful and absorbing book with a wealth of illustrations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remainders

MALE HOMOSEXUALS: Their Problems and Adaptations
M. Weinberg & C. Williams. Oxford 10.95 **2.98**
A study that probes public attitudes, laws & enforcement, and homosexual subcultures in the US, Holland & Denmark

THE MARBLE FOOT: An Autobiography 1905-1938
Peter Quennell. Viking 10.00 **1.98**
England's Renaissance man of letters turns his biographical, historical & novelistic talents on himself and his amazing generation in "one of the best autobiographies of recent years" —Anthony Powell

MARCEL PROUST & THE CREATIVE ENCOUNTER **3.98**
George Stambolian. Chicago 12.00
An unusual study of Proust and his mirror relation to his great novel

MAWRDEW CZGOWCHWZ
James McCourt. FSG (pap) 3.95 **1.00**
The cult of the opera star is the butt of this "intelligent and very funny book" —S. Sontag

MEDIEVAL WALES
R. Ian Jack. Cornell 12.50 **3.98**
An examination of all the documentary, archaeological, and literary sources available for the study of Welsh history from 400 to 1542

THE MIND'S FATE: Ways of Seeing Psychiatry and Psychoanalysis
Robert Coles. Little, Brown (pap) 4.95 **1.00**
"The extraordinary power of Coles as essayist comes clearer than ever ... a colossal literary and scientific achievement" —*Boston Globe*

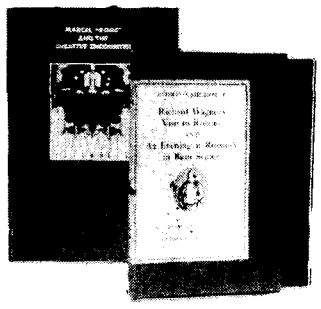
MOSES
Anthony Burgess. FSG 8.95 **1.00**
The story of Moses, from Bondage to Jordan, is brought to life in an epic narrative, by "Britain's answer to Vladimir Nabokov" —*NY Times*

NEGATIVE SPACE
Manny Farber. SV **1.98**
The best of Farber's informative, opinionated, entertaining and often acid essays on film

NEW DIRECTIONS

New Directions Anthologies **1.00ea.**
#s 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30
America's extraordinary literary magazine in book form, at the forefront of new writing for more than 40 years

REBIRTH OF COSMOLOGY
J. Merleau-Ponty & B. Morando. Knopf 12.50 **2.98**
An extraordinary account of man's attempt to understand the structures of knowledge & the universe



RICHARD WAGNER'S VISIT TO ROSSINI
Edmund Michotte. Chicago 9.50 **2.98**
When Michotte took Wagner to see Rossini in 1860 the conversation was full of charm and insight. Also, there's a description of Rossini's visit to Beethoven and recollections of Weber and Mendelssohn. Shipcased

RITES OF PASSAGE
Joanne Greenberg. Holt 6.95 **1.00**
Virtuoso long stories by the author of *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* & *In This Sign.*

ROBERT FROST ON WRITING
Elaine Barry. Rutgers (pap) 3.95 **1.49**
"I have never heard anyone—including T.S. Eliot—say so many apt, eloquent, original, unexpected, far-reaching, helpful and practical things" —Anatole Broyard, *NY Times*

ROWLANDSON: A New Interpretation
Ronald Paulson. Oxford 15.00 **4.98**
A handsome and copiously illustrated study of the artist's work in relation to that of the other great artists of the time

SELECTED STORIES
Nadine Gordimer. Viking 10.00 **2.98**
A large volume of the finest stories of "one of the half-dozen best short story writers in English today" —Anthony Twaite, *Observer*

SWINBURNE

SWINBURNE REPLIES
Clyde Kenneth Hyder, ed. Syracuse 8.00 **1.98**
In response to critical panning, Swinburne wrote a plea for less prudery, a short masterpiece of sustained irony, and finally a review of his aims and achievements

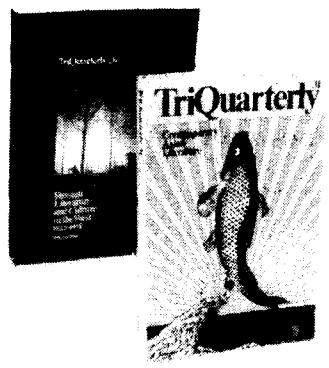
NEW WRITINGS BY SWINBURNE or Miscellanea Nova et Curiosa, Being a Medley of Poems, Critical Essays, Hoaxes & Burlesques.
Cecil Lang, ed. Syracuse 8.50 **2.98**
20 unusual works of all kinds, displaying a not often-seen antic wit

T.S. ELIOT
Stephen Spender. Viking 8.95 **3.98**
"Undoubtedly the best introduction to the poet yet published" —C.B. Cox, *Sunday Telegraph*

THE THEATER AT ISTHMIA
Elizabeth R. Gebhard. Chicago 10.00 **4.98**
An exploration of the architecture of one of the earliest of Greek theaters, with abundant photographs and plans and a wealth of detail that bring the author to a number of surprising conclusions about the nature of early theater

TOYNBEE ON TOYNBEE
Arnold Toynbee. Oxford 7.50 **1.98**
Conversations with Toynbee about the nature of history, Marxism & Christianity, science & technology, and world affairs

TRIPTYCH
Claude Simon. Viking 8.95 **1.49**
Simon's latest novel, "an astounding vision, of an intensity that has no equal today save the novels of Celine ... the most powerful talent to have appeared since the war" —*Sat. Rev.*



TRIQUARTERLY

TriQuarterly 23/24. Winter/Spring 1972. 3.50 **1.49**
Literature in Revolution. A huge special issue with essays by Noam Chomsky, Carlos Fuentes, Frederick Crews, C.C. O'Brien, Harry Levin, Sol Yurick & others

TriQuarterly 27. Spring 1973. 2.95 **1.49**
Russian Literature & Culture in the West 1922-1972, v. 1. Writings by and about six major emigre writers: Remizov, Khodasevich, Tsvetaeva, Nabokov, Ivanov, Poplavsky

TriQuarterly 28. Fall 1973. 2.95 **1.49**
Russian Literature & Culture in the West 1922-1972, v. 2. Writings by & about major figures in emigre music, poetry, philosophy and painting

TriQuarterly 30 Spring 1974. 2.95 **1.49**
A Context for Ongoing American Fiction. Long essays by John Hawkes, Tony Tanner, Albert J. Guerard, David Caute, Richard Pearce & Philip Stevick

TriQuarterly 31. Fall 1974. 3.50 **1.49**
Contemporary Asian Literature. Prose & poetry from forty of Asia's finest modern writers

TriQuarterly 37. Fall 1976. 4.50 **1.49**
Going to Heaven: A Photo-narrative. A story without words

THE UNTILLED FIELD
George Moore. Macmillan 12.95 **2.98**
Moore achieved some of his richest writing in these affectionate portraits of Irish rural life

WALLACE STEVENS' "WHOLE HARMONIUM"
Richard Allen Blessing. Syracuse 7.50 **1.98**
Views the whole of Stevens' work as one grand poem rather than a compilation of separate pieces, leading us to Stevens' central ideas

MAX WEBER

THE INTERPRETATION OF SOCIAL REALITY
Max Weber. Scribners 10.00 **3.98**
A selection of Weber's writings with a critical assessment of his controversial viewpoints

ON CHARISMA & INSTITUTION BUILDING
Max Weber. Chicago 14.00 **3.98**
A selection of Weber's writings focusing on the relationship between personal charisma & institutional order

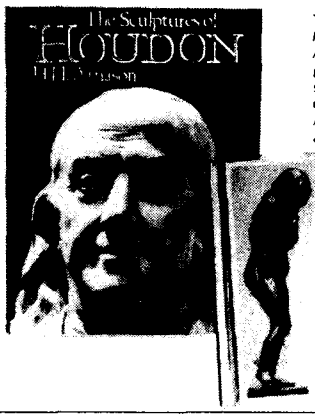
WITH THE PROCESSION
Henry Blake Fuller. Chicago 7.50 **1.49**
Fuller's masterpiece novel of Chicago about the struggle to obtain wealth and the conflicts that that evokes in different people

YEATS

YEATS AND THE THEATER
Robt. O'Driscoll & L. Reynolds, eds.
Macmillan 1975 **4.98**
Contains a great deal of unpublished Yeats material in a critical context. There are three lectures on personality (with their elaborate notes), two versions of Sophocles, and much more

PLACE NAMES IN THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
James McGarry. Macmillan 9.95 **2.98**
An encyclopedia of the many places Yeats wrote about. With his great sense of locality, it is indispensable to a careful reading of his works. Includes photos & maps

THE YOUNG LENIN
Leon Trotsky. Doubleday 7.95 **2.98**
Trotsky's biography of Lenin's formative years, written in 1933 and long believed lost, was published here for the first time in English



THE SCULPTURES OF HOUDON
H.H. Arnason. Oxford 47.50 **19.98**
An incredibly beautiful volume of perhaps the greatest 19th century sculptor. Includes 193 superb photographs of sculptures of the great men of the French Enlightenment and of the American Revolution, and an extensive essay about his work

NOTES ON THE PIANO
Ernst Bacon. Syracuse 9.00 **2.98**
The piano is the point of departure and return into the experience of music and composition "... a perfectly fresh experience ... beautifully written and nobly purposed." —Paul Horgan

PARIS & ITS PROVINCES, 1792-1802
Richard Cobb. Oxford 17.50 **3.98**
The relationship of Parisians & countrymen during the French Rev. as viewed by "one of the most controversial, original & talented historians writing today." —R. Darnton, *NYR*

PIRANDELLO: A Biography
Gaspare Giudice. Oxford 12.95 **2.98**
The first biography in English of the playwright whose great portrayals of alienation, mad delusions, and the divided self were drawn in the light of his own difficult life

POETRY REPRINTS

Reprints of the original editions of five seminal volumes of poetry of this century, each bound in blue buckram without a dust jacket
OVER THE BLAZIER *by Robert Graves*
SEA GARDEN *by H.D.*
HARMONIUM *by Wallace Stevens*
MOUNT ZION *by John Betjeman*
EARTH TRANSPARENT *by Conrad Aiken*
St. Martin's 25.00 **4.98set**

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA
Henry James. Apollo (pap) 5.95 **1.98**
One of HJ's finest novels, about a woman caught between the quest for social justice and the beauties of a decadent civilization

SEMINARY SKETCHES
N.G. Pomyalovsky. Cornell 12.50 **1.98**
A blend of fiction and fact comparable only to Notes from the House of the Dead in Russian literature

THE SHIRES
Donald Davie. Oxford 7.95 **1.98**
A handsome volume (with unusual graphics) of poems, remarkable in their limpid and straightforward language, by one of our finest poet-critics

SOCIETAL DEVELOPMENT: Five Approaches with Conclusions from Comparative Analysis
Szymon Chodak. Oxford 12.50 **2.98**
"A landmark in the sociological study of development ... "must" reading for anyone interested in the subject." —Seymour Lipset, Harvard

A SOVIET HERETIC
Yevgeny Zamyatin. Chicago 12.50 **3.98**
Essays by the author of the classic futurological novel "We" that are "critical prose at its best" —*TLS*

STORIES & PLAYS
Flann O'Brien. Viking 8.95 **2.98**
The truly funny stories & plays of the crazy Irishman who was "a real writer, with the true comic spirit" —James Joyce

STORIES OF YORK STATE
Harold Frederic. Syracuse 6.50 **1.98**
Stories about upstate New York in the war-torn 1860's by the author of *The Damnation of Theron Ware.* Intro. by Edmund Wilson

SURREALIST POETRY IN FRANCE
J.H. Matthews. Syracuse 9.50 **2.98**
The first study of surrealism in poetry, with discussions of Breton, Aragon, Arp, Peret

Kramerbooks Distributors

2260 25th Place, N.E. Washington, D.C. 20018

Name_____ Date_____

Address_____

Qty.	Title	Price	
	Subtotal		
	5% sales tax (D.C. residents only)		
	(Overseas, Lat. Am. and Canada $3.00) Postage & Handling	2	00
	Please enclose check or money order for		

Canadian customers: Please send money orders in U.S. funds or checks drawn on a U.S. bank. U.S. Dollars only

USE AMERICAN EXPRESS, VISA or MASTERCHARGE
Minimum credit card order $10.00

No._____ MC Bank No._____

Exp. Date_____ Sig._____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEW

Murder of a Gentle Land
John Barron and Anthony Paul / Reader's Digest Press / $9.95
Cambodia: Year Zero
François Ponchaud / Holt, Rinehart and Winston / $8.95

William Murchison

On August 21, 1978, Senator George S. McGovern, whose capacity to shock has never been underrated, innocently inquired during a Foreign Relations Committee hearing whether anyone had given thought to the dispatch of an international force that would stop the genocide in Cambodia. Jaws dropped, suspender buttons popped, spectators swooned. America's No. 1 dove, to all appearances, had unzipped his outer garments, exposing for a startling instant the bristling feathers of a hawk. What we seem to have in Cambodia, said the senator, is "a clear case of genocide. Here you have a group of fanatics killing their own people." McGovern cited estimates that as many as 2.5 million Cambodians—in a population of only seven million—may have died in the holocaust. "Based on the percentage of the population," he said, "that makes Hitler's operation seem tame."

So it does. On a per capita basis, the basis that rightly impresses Senator McGovern, the Cambodian carnage is almost certainly the crime of the century. Three or four million people, driven out of all the country's cities into the countryside; civilians, including women and children, slaughtered as pitilessly as though they were insects; disease and famine and meaningless brutality let loose on a land of grace and plenty—such is the Cambodian revolution.

The masters of Cambodia have, notwithstanding, the luck to be men of the Left. Were they men of the Right—Chilean generals, say—there would be worldwide protests against them. The United Nations would invoke sanctions. McGovern's would be far from the only voice muttering, or shouting, of the need to invade. Cambodia dies in agony, and the world tiptoes silently by on the other side.

No use to venture that Western opinion-makers lack the hard facts, the raw data, to develop an indictment of the bloody work going forth in Cambodia. The country's rulers may have sealed their borders against the contamination, and the prying eyes, of foreigners; but crimes so ghastly as theirs are not to be hidden. The word is out—at least in these two books, each excellent, each full of authentic, not to say stomach-churning, detail. McGovern did not say whether he has read either of these books; all too plainly, the vast majority of his brethren haven't.

About John Barron and Anthony Paul's *Murder of a Gentle Land*, there is almost the aura of the Grand Guignol: Necks broken with hoes, children battered against trees, whole families shot down in a twinkling. Only there is no theatre here. The horror is real and far too large for any stage.

When the first such stories began seeping out of Cambodia, Barron and Paul, who are editors of *Reader's Digest*, undertook to check them out. They interviewed refugees in Thailand, examined Radio Phnom Penh's daily broadcasts, and consulted scholars on Cambodia. They concluded that a coterie of fanatics had "converted all Cambodia into a social laboratory and all Cambodians into experimental specimens." For the "totality and barbarity" with which the experiment was going forward, the authors could find no "precise precedent."

The fanatics turned out to be the worst specimens of the breed—left-wing intellectuals run amok. Various of them had been educated at the Sorbonne; one or two had actually produced Ph.D. dissertations. How harmless they had looked in bygone days—Khieu Samphan, the bicycle-riding ascetic; Hu Nim, a lawyer; Ieng Sary, a teacher. "Although they were to glorify manual labor as the highest of endeavors," observe Barron and Paul, "none had ever earned a living with his or her hands."

They call their tightly-knit command structure Angka Loeu (roughly "the organization on high"). Its fanaticism burns with a hard and perdurable flame. No sooner were the victorious Communists in possession of Phnom Penh—they entered on April 17, 1975, to the cheers of fellow Khmers sick of the long, brutal war—than they began enforcing the city's total evacuation. All were to leave, even the sick, even

William Murchison is an editorial writer for the Dallas Morning News.

There is opportunity in America!

Sarkes Tarzian Inc. Bloomington, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mothers in childbirth. Hospital beds were trundled through the streets, I-V's dangling from patients' arms. The slow and the balky were killed without second thought. Meanwhile, the guerrillas turned on the visible signs of effete Western culture, burning money, smashing up pharmacies, destroying libraries. What the Communists were up to became brutally plain—nothing less, Barron and Paul explain, than "to annul the past and obliterate the present so as to fashion a future uncontaminated by the influences of either."

It was only part of the plan to eradicate visible evidence of past and present. More urgent was the need to eradicate all those who might offer resistance, or even mild criticism. The vanquished officer corps of Lon Nol's army was the first to go (so had Stalin, at the Katyn Forest, tried to eliminate intelligent resistance by massacring officers), along with civil servants, businessmen, and other running dogs of the regime.

The hapless townsmen driven out into the countryside fared only a little better than the more obvious class enemies. They were thrown without preparation onto the land, told to grow rice or die. By the hundreds of thousands they died, if not of starvation, then of the numberless diseases that ravish the weak and the frightened. There was no medicine in the "new villages" and there were only the crudest tools. How Angka could have expected success under such conditions defies explanation—except the explanation that Angka cared only for the success of its demonical plan.

The emphasis of François Ponchaud's *Cambodia: Year Zero* is somewhat different. There is less Southeast Asian Grand Guignol, more studious analysis of Angka (or Angkar, as Ponchaud spells it) and its objectives. This stands to reason, Ponchaud being a French priest resident ten years in Cambodia at the time of its fall —a man with prior understanding of the country and its complex people.

Ponchaud was in fact sympathetic to the Khmer Rouge at the outset of the revolution. "I welcomed the revolutionaries' victory," he writes, "as the only possible means of bringing Cambodia out of its misery," imposed by the corrupt governments of Prince Sihanouk and General Lon Nol. For a book so full of horrors, *Cambodia: Year Zero* is written with a curious kind of detachment, as if, even in his nightmares, Ponchaud has been unwilling or unable to drop the scholarly manner. His abhorrence of the Communist regime (which threw him out of the country) is plain enough all the same. Indeed, when the book appeared in France it created a scandal, with leftists driven to discredit it in order that a supposedly sincere leftist government should not be calumniated. When the French journalist Jean Lacoutre, himself a leftist, albeit an honest one, favorably reviewed the book's French edition in the *New York Review of Books*, he was castigated straightaway by Noam Chomsky. There are no criminal socialist regimes, it would appear—only decent ones gone momentarily, and probably pardonably, astray.

Like Barron and Paul, Ponchaud has stitched together his narrative from interviews with refugees (the little people were the ones to whom he gave the most credence), the broadcasts of Radio Phnom Penh, and such other scanty sources as could be found. He troubled even to read the Ph.D. dissertations deposited at the Sorbonne by Khieu Samphan and his fellow revolutionary, Hou Youn.

Once the tale of the evacuations and initial slaughter is done, Ponchaud turns to the kind of society that Cambodia, now "Democratic Kampuchea," has become. To say the least, it is no pleasant kind of society. The professed ideals are lofty enough—"genuine happiness, equality, justice, and democracy, without rich or poor and without exploiters or exploited" —but the practice is utterly at variance with the rhetoric. Democratic Kampuchea is organized on military lines, a place for everyone and everyone in his place. The

THE NEW AMERICAN POLITICAL SYSTEM
Edited by Anthony King

Ten prominent political scientists describe the important changes in the American political system since 1960 and assess the significance of those changes. With chapters by:
Samuel H. Beer • Fred I. Greenstein • Hugh Heclo
Samuel C. Patterson • Martin Shapiro • Austin Ranney
Jeane J. Kirkpatrick • Richard A. Brody
Leon D. Epstein • Anthony King

407 pages / $6.75

UNSAFE AT ANY MARGIN: Interpreting Congressional Elections
By Thomas E. Mann

The author examines why congressmen are insecure about re-election at a time when the advantage of incumbency is increasing. From an analysis of congressional district surveys conducted in 1974 and 1976, he shows what the public knows about congressional candidates and what factors — party, incumbency, presidential popularity, or the public's view of the candidates — are most important for the vote. Mann concludes that congressmen are increasingly responsible for their own margins of victory or defeat and that the electoral constraints they face are defined largely in their individual districts.

116 pages / $3.25

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Payment must accompany orders under $10.

AEI

American Enterprise Institute
Department 645
1150 Seventeenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people live on cooperatives and state farms and toil unendingly. Here, with modern society smashed to pieces, the wheel is continually being reinvented. It was the boast of Radio Phnom Penh, a year after the conquest, that "medicines are becoming increasingly scientific."

Life in Kampuchea is geared to "struggle," a favorite word of the regime. All is warfare against nature and the elements, not to say the reactionaries. From "struggle" a new race is to be born, though, as Ponchaud notes, "only by killing an old art of living compounded of freedom, tolerance, and respect for life." In so tautly organized a society there is obviously no room for dissentient attitudes. "Reactionary religions"—e.g., Buddhism—are specifically outlawed by the Kampuchean constitution; and human relations, including the upbringing of children, have become the care of the state. For Cambodia the world has turned upside down. There can be no bleaker land anywhere.

Why so thoroughgoing a transformation —such a transformation as not even China or Russia experienced? (Chou En-lai himself is said to have urged restraint on Khieu Samphan.) For answers, Ponchaud turns to the Cambodian character—unforgiving of enemies; prone to take a simple idea and push it "to the limits of its internal logic and often to the point of absurdity, without any regard for realities or any forethought for practical consequences." Ponchaud also blames the feudal nature of postcolonial Cambodia for creating a revolutionary atmosphere. He faults the erratic policies of Prince Sihanouk, the country's leader from 1941 to 1970, for having undercut its stability and made possible the Communist triumph.

Today, even after three years, the killing and oppression go on. Horrific they must be, or George McGovern would hardly have noticed. (Since the senator's confession, Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda have also expressed their concern.) But where are the protest marches, the waving banners and shrieks of outrage, that once enlivened Pennsylvania Avenue and the Berkeley campus? Barron and Paul would like to know. So would Ponchaud. On Christmas Day, 1975, a Khmer friend said to him: "In France there are societies for the protection of animals and factories which manufacture special food for dogs and cats. The Cambodians must be less than animals, then, since nobody can be bothered to defend them." □

BOOK REVIEW

Summons of the Trumpet
Dave R. Palmer / Presidio Press / $12.95

George S. Patton

Summons of the Trumpet is "the story of American military involvement in Vietnam—why we entered, what we did, and how we left." It is a distinguished history of those strange and confusing years at the end of which our great nation suffered its first (and hopefully last) strategic defeat, at the hands of an eighth-rate nation which simply demonstrated one of the priceless ingredients needed for success in war—a national will to win.

This book begins by describing United States activities in the so-called "Advisory Decade," 1954-1961, which came hard on the heels of the Korean War. The escalation of the advisory effort is examined and the milestones of that involvement—such as General Maxwell Taylor's visit of November 1961 and the establishment of the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (of which I was an early member)—are accurately recounted.

Colonel Palmer next turns to one of the vital episodes of the war, the battle of Ap Bac on 2 January 1963. This was a crucial turning point because it demonstrated that the Viet Cong were tough, that they could inflict serious damage, and, most important, that the United States had a long way to go before it could put its stamp of approval on a truly combat-ready South Vietnamese Army. It is important to note that the results of the Ap Bac battle were not accurately reported at the time to CINCPAC and presumably the JCS. I have personal knowledge that the immediate after-action report, which I prepared, was "sanitized" after the battle by a senior staff officer in HQ MACV. Thus the higher levels of command were denied knowledge of what really happened at Ap Bac.

Out of this battle emerged one of the great characters of the period, John Paul Vann. I first met Vann in the fall of 1957 when he and I were classmates at the Command and General Staff College in Leavenworth, Kansas. He had commanded a ranger company in Korea (in the early days), and literally symbolized the energetic, professionally motivated, and capable soldier so badly needed today. We became fast friends. We served together in 1962 when I first arrived in Vietnam and he was assigned as Senior Advisor, 7th ARVN Division, in the Mekong Delta. When I last saw him in March 1969, he told me that he knew he was to die in Vietnam. His prediction was correct. Three years later he was killed as a result of enemy action. Thus, with Palmer's negative appraisal of Vann I must disagree. He was a great soldier, thoroughly dedicated to what he believed to be right for both Vietnam and the U.S. Further, he had the guts to get up and say what he believed. Had some of his words been heard by more important and influential listeners in 1963, it is my view that our nation would be better off today.

Colonel Palmer takes us through the overthrow and execution of President Diem, recalling the political turbulence and unstable leadership that afflicted the Vietnamese republic in the early 1960s. He then carefully analyzes the gently-shifting strategy of Hanoi and its great revolutionary leader, Ho Chi Minh, into a protracted warfare scenario. This strategy discounted time, and correctly perceived an inherent weakness of our society—our passion for quick victories in war. Writes Palmer, time "is an endless stream flowing from an infinitely regenerating source. It is precious enough,...to be valued, but because it is of unlimited abundance, one can hardly use too much of it. Thus that which we husband the most carefully, they [the North Vietnamese] expend the most liberally."

Perhaps the most scholarly section of the book is that which deals with operation "Rolling Thunder," the orchestrated bombing of North Vietnam intended to convince Hanoi to cease its aggressive acts. From this developed our strategy of the mid-sixties, known as "graduated response." The chapter, "Rolling Thunder," is a must, particularly Palmer's discussion of the selection of targets by OSD civilians in the Pentagon—the centralized controls of a time when "policy makers...seemed to do everything but actually fly the aircraft."

The next several chapters relate to the vast military build-up which commenced during the spring of 1965 and continued through Tet, 1968. Several battles, such as the Ia Drang Valley and Cedar Falls, are described in detail, and the evolution of our tactics in accordance with the strategy of "graduated response" is fully explained. It is well to remember that during this period (1966-1968), anti-war movements in the United States were daily gaining in intensity. At this time, Palmer writes, arose the question of who would back down: Hanoi, as a result of our rising military assault, or the United States, because of the national dissent movement?

Major General George S. Patton is Deputy Commander, HQ VII Corps, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We now know the unpleasant answer.

Summons of the Trumpet analyzes the enemy's 1968 pre-Tet strategy, the battles of Tet, and the subsequent withdrawal of President Johnson from the presidential race. The entrance of Richard Nixon, the search for peace, Vietnamization, literally all of the steps taken until that final helicopter sortie from the grounds of the American Embassy in April 1975, are well described. In short, Colonel Palmer has put the whole tragic story together in a readable, factual volume which is the finest work on the Vietnam War that I have seen. For hawk, dove, or moderate, either at home or abroad, this is a superb account of what really happened in Vietnam and cost our nation not only tragic losses of men and matériel but also much of its national prestige. That failure generated a lack of world confidence in what the United States is willing to do by force of arms. It is my view that this perception of weakness continues today, especially among some of our allies. The price of Vietnam is heavy and abiding.

In this connection, I would like to recount a personal experience which occurred while I was privileged to command the 11th Cavalry in 1968-1969 in Vietnam. In mid-January 1969, we experienced a minor enemy contact slightly north of Bien Hoa in the III Corps Tactical Zone. There was a short but sharp engagement between our elements and a North Vietnamese battalion. During the action we succeeded in capturing a slightly wounded North Vietnamese captain. This was a rare event and, accordingly, my Intelligence Officer, Major Andrew O'Meara, called me to the scene to confer with this POW before he was evacuated. I arrived and found our prisoner, whom I shall call "Phu," sitting under a tree smoking an American cigarette and drinking a cold Fresca. He had been wounded in the hand, requiring some minor medical treatment. He was not in pain. Our exchange, conducted originally in French, follows:

CO 11 Cav: I understand that you surrendered to us a short while ago. Is that correct?

Phu: Yes.

CO 11 Cav: Why did you do that?

Phu: I had been wounded; we had sustained several casualties and I saw no point in resisting further.

CO 11 Cav: How long have you been in this particular area? By this I mean South Vietnam.

Phu: I have not been home for eight years...I cannot answer more.

CO 11 Cav: You say you were defeated just now—your unit. If this is the case, why don't you let us get you a loudspeaker, put you in a helicopter, and fly you over your battalion area so you can announce to your troops that it is all over and that they should come out? We will provide your people with hot food, cold drinks, tobacco, whatever they want, and I will give you my word as a fellow officer that we will not shell or bomb them while this is going on.

Phu: That is a tempting suggestion, very tempting; but I cannot do that. I do believe you will keep your word, my Colonel.

CO 11 Cav: But you say you have lost this battle.

Phu: Yes, I have lost this battle, but you did not ask me who will lose the last battle.

CO 11 Cav: OK, who will lose the last battle?

Phu: The United States will lose the last battle and the war. My country will win in the end.

CO 11 Cav: Why? Look what we have here against you. You have few weapons, no food, medical supplies are scarce. We know that. How can you say that we will eventually lose?

Phu: My Colonel, your country will simply tire before we do. It's as easy as that. We will endure longer than you and thus we will win!

I have reflected on this conversation many times since January 1969. It rings true. "Phu" was right—as right as Colonel Palmer is in *Summons of the Trumpet*. I congratulate him for making yet another significant contribution to history. □

Christmas Turkeys: $6.00

Now for the gimmick. You can't *eat* this turkey but you can wear it. It's the Official American Spectator Turkey, designed exclusively for The American Spectator through the coordinated efforts of the world's toniest fashion salons in Paris, London, and Gary, Indiana.

As you probably have guessed by now, these turkeys adorn the American Spectator Turkey tee shirts and jackets, which we are trying to sell to you through this advertisement.

American Spectator Turkey tee shirts and jackets are ideal for students, part-time athletes, contemplatives, *bons vivants*, and for those who are merely into chic.

To receive your very own American Spectator Turkey tee shirt or jacket—or to have us send one to some turkey on your Christmas list—just clip the order form, or send a reasonable facsimile, along with your check to The Saturday Evening Club.

We will ship the items posthaste, via United Parcel Service if possible. Avoid the Christmas rush. Place your order today.

THE SATURDAY EVENING CLUB
P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401

Dear Baron:

Please send me my very own American Spectator Turkey tee shirt (Paris Green on white). Enclosed is $6 per shirt, three for $15.

Number wanted: _____ Large
_____ Extra Large

(XL is recommended for most people as these 100% cotton shirts will shrink)

Please send me my very own American Spectator Turkey jacket (white on Navy Blue). Enclosed is $12 per jacket, three for $30.

Number wanted: _____ Medium
_____ Large
_____ Extra Large

(Recommend medium for most women)
Money-back guarantee: Return in ten days if not satisfied.

please print

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift for: _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read "From _____"

1112

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEW

The Camp of the Saints
Jean Raspail / Charles Scribner's Sons / $8.95

A. Lawrence Chickering

Though translated from the French in 1975, *The Camp of the Saints* has been largely ignored in this country, and the reason may be guessed from the one-line description on the front cover: "A chilling novel about the end of the white world"—which serves as a caption for the picture, just above, of a white hand holding up a globe, with a dozen colored hands grasping from below. The story concerns an immense Third World armada of 100 ships, bringing one million starving, diseased Indians from the Ganges to settle in the promised land of Europe. When the horde arrives in southern France it meets virtually no resistance, and France collapses in a matter of weeks.

The book has been poorly received by the establishment press because it brutally defies the conventional categories of intellectual and moral discourse. This is most evident in Raspail's characterization of the invaders as a mob of "beasts," devoid of all humanity. He thereby defies the Left's understanding of the invaders as quintessential "underdogs" and victims whose condition—even inhumanity—is the West's responsibility, not their own. These days, to blame the "victim" is to be incomprehensible.

Raspail's defiance of conventional moral categories creates another problem: Many might dismiss the book as racist. Indeed, on the dust-jacket Max Lerner is quoted emphasizing (and disagreeing with) the racial implications of Raspail's story. But the book is not, essentially, about race at all. Raspail makes this clear at the end when one of the final twenty who choose to resist (and die) turns out to be black. And of course multitudes of those who join the horde are white.

More than anything else, *The Camp of the Saints* is a devastating attack on the cult of guilt-ridden Western idealism. The players are all there: emissaries from the Vatican and the World Council of Churches, the "young millionaire performers"—radical chic on a heroic scale. But unlike Tom Wolfe's satire, Raspail's attack is merciless and without humor. As the armada approaches, he describes the "mercy" of this idealism, as practiced by the World Council:

> You never saw the pastors fly their missions of mercy when no radical issue was at stake. For an earthquake in Turkey, say, or a flood in Tunisia. But they would always be there to answer the call with supplies for the Palestine refugee camps, the Angola freedom fighters, the Bantu liberation armies—in fact, wherever the voice of hate was as loud as the voice of distress.

For a brief moment all of France is engulfed in crazed ecstasy. And then panic. France collapses, and with it, presumably, the West, as other armadas form to make the same voyage.

Some may say the book is unrealistic. After all, the sympathy for the armada so vividly portrayed by Raspail is noticeably absent from a real-life problem of apparently similar circumstances: the Indochina refugees. While we have received large numbers of them, almost no public concern has been expressed about them; their suffering has stirred nothing but indifference from our professional moralizers. But Raspail explains why. The Indochina refugees, like earthquake victims, are not mythical "underdogs"; their suffering was caused by no Western "oppressor" (in fact, the very opposite: they have fled a regime which represents "the people" against "oppressors"); therefore they are not a legitimate or interesting subject for compassion. But turn the situation around; make the refugees inspired by *hatred of everything Western*. In such circumstances, it is certain that the merciful and idealistic would react very differently.

The Left's concern about suffering is a concern not for individuals, but for collectives. Not just any collective: only those engaged in open protest against the core values of Western society. The tension between the individual and the collective is a dominant theme in the book. In this regard, Raspail finds the essence of the West in Mozart:

> What was there in the world more Western than Mozart, more civilized, more perfect? No eight hundred thousand voices could drone their chant to Mozart's notes. Mozart had never written to stir the masses, but to touch the heart of each single human being, in his private self. What a lovely symbol, really! The Western world summed up in its ultimate truth.

When applied to suffering, the Western ideal is love and concern for individuals. Not "love of mankind," but love of individual men. The point is made dramatically toward the end of the book as the horde is coming up the beach, and a hippie called Panama Ranger rushes down to greet them, hands extended. They go right past him, oblivious, savage, determined to find milk and honey. When he realizes what has happened, he saves an old woman who has fallen beneath the mob, and clutches her to him, seeking a friendly soul—"his one remaining link with life."

Raspail strikingly dramatizes the extent to which the millenarian Left has come to control the vocabulary of idealism. Even the strongest of his characters, the men of greatest insight—a government minister, the publisher of a small political journal, a colonel in the army—are affected. They know something is fundamentally wrong, but nowhere can anyone say precisely what it is. In fact, they "know" what they must do; but in the end they cannot bring themselves to kill even a *single* invader as the horde begins its move toward the beach. Even the hardened military man watches the mass desertion of his army with equanimity and admits that he, too, could probably not bring himself to pull the trigger against the "helpless invaders."

His moral dilemma depends entirely on his perceiving the invaders *as individuals*, for the invaders' humanity depends on their individuality. Thus, while the overall problem for those who might resist the horde is understanding why the West should be defended, their specific, essential problem is finding the moral justification for killing a *single* invader—man, woman, or child—marching forward, unarmed. To this problem Raspail offers no solution.

While the horde's collective vision is rather explicitly materialistic, those who would hold out reveal in their inability to resist effectively that they, too, are infected by the materialism of the dying culture. As we observe his heroes, we begin to recognize the profound materialism in a vision without individual hope—while appreciating that the materialism suffusing Raspail's world makes all hope impossible.

Raspail's omission of an alternative vision of idealism is the book's most disturbing message. Without an alternative vision, it is little wonder that the West falls. Without an alternative vision, why should we care?

Raspail's unremitting negativism appears even before the story begins, in the first of three epigrams (from Apocalypse XX, Lawrence Durrell, and Solzhenitsyn):

> And when the thousand years are ended, Satan will be released from his prison, and will go forth and deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog, and will gather them together for the battle; the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up over the breadth of the earth and encompassed the camp of the saints, and the beloved city.

Raspail stops there, short of the next sentence, which transforms the paragraph utterly: "And fire from God came down from heaven and devoured them." It is certainly not an omission Solzhenitsyn would have made.

Materialism has never been—and cannot be—the animating purpose of a

---

A. Lawrence Chickering is executive director of the Institute for Contemporary Studies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society, or its underlying justification. Similarly, the idealism of the West—that which stirs us to defend it—has nothing to do with its material riches; it has to do with its commitment to individual freedom and dignity—a commitment which, by liberating individual creativity, makes material and other kinds of progress possible. Wealth is simply a by-product.

Our ultimate problem lies in failing to repudiate the vision of an idealized whole. It is a vision which, in avoiding individual choice, rests ultimately on coercion and thus serves only to camouflage—and then intensify—aggression and hate. In circumventing individual choice and freedom, this vision loses all contact with true idealism—which rests on the hope that individuals, left free, will choose the good. This insight is critical to an understanding of what makes the West worth defending.

The Camp of the Saints dramatizes the problem we face, but in its omissions also exemplifies it. □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

Think of it! Here we were more than halfway into the twentieth century. It was the end of American innocence. For several decades the profs and the pundits had been assiduously delousing us of our accumulated jingoistic myths, and suddenly they turned and slammed down on us the most elaborate myth of all: the myth that a wheeler-dealer vulgarian, as rich as he was brutal, sired a family of archangels, fairy godmothers, and three genius sons who, despite private lives of sham and shallowness beyond belief, would somehow pull America—then the richest and freest nation on earth—out of a mysterious torpor into an Augustinian Age. How this would be accomplished has never been made clear, for the fabulists of Camelot spend very little time talking about ideas or policies. Rather they devote most of their wind to elucidating the boys' mesmerizing personalities and their good intentions. The result has been some of the steamiest fiction in recent years. One sees it being wept over in sorority houses and imitated by third-rate homosexual novelists, but surely no serious student of American politics believes in it. After slogging through countless passages about the boys' struggles with destiny, their lighter sides and their darker sides, their courage, their passion, their goddamned "laconic wits," and so on, one wonders: Is there any reality to the Camelot buncombe at all? Did Bobby Kennedy ever really exist? Does the Hon. Teddy exist today? After Mr. Marshall Frady described Bobby as "a protean revolutionary conscience [who] appeared in the form of a prince of the privileged orders," one even wonders what country the Kennedys supposedly lived in.

For years the Kennedys have been America's ceremonial Catholics, always turning up in the front pew of some stately cathedral whenever the occasion called. (What pious thoughts are on their minds when the cameras click, I have wondered.) Then they are off to the dance floors, the ski slopes, the Via Veneto, and the Champs Élysées—always the cameras are there. They show up in sad hovels in the Mississippi Delta, at celebrity tennis tournaments, at remote Eskimo villages. And then there are the unkindly accidents—and, thank God, no cameras.

One looks at the mountains of books dedicated to spreading the Camelot buncombe and one sees a Himalayan range of improbabilities: a legend of endless youth and exquisite romance spread by chelonian profs; a grandious metaphor based on a Broadway musical and enthused over by the employees of Harvard. Scotch those snickers; there is more. The first Camelotian moments occurred in an hour of rare tranquility, yet Camelot's ministers saw only crisis. The rhetoric was menacing; the policies reckless; the aftermath unreason at home, a huge international arms race abroad, and America's longest, most misdirected war. Nonetheless, to this day Camelot's faithful identify themselves adamantly and oleaginously as peacemakers.

In our time, no lie once set forth on the pages of the *New York Times* and welcomed in certain other august sanctums can ever be put to flight. According to one theory, times of decadence are times of artistic vigor, and it is on the artistic barrenness of our time that I have always staked my innocent hope that all is not so.

STUDIES IN ECONOMIC THEORY

Introducing a Distinguished New Book Series

ECONOMICS AS A COORDINATION PROBLEM:
The Contributions of Friedrich A. Hayek
by Gerald P. O'Driscoll, Jr.
Foreword by F. A. Hayek

This first full-length examination of Hayek's work in economics traces his contributions from his lectures on the business cycle to his papers on the pricing system. Professor O'Driscoll places the significance of that work in the context of current debate. He shows that in Hayek's considering general equilibrium theory a mere starting point for economic analysis, Hayek rejected orthodox neoclassical theory as inadequate. To Hayek, the real economic problem was to describe how millions of people, each of whom knows little or nothing about the plans and resources of others, could remotely approach an equilibrium state. Instead, he approached the problem by masterfully describing the distribution of information as a dynamic *process*, coordinating the otherwise disparate plans of individual agents.

240 Pages, Index
$15.00 Cloth, $4.95 Paper
($5.50 in Canada)

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN AUSTRIAN ECONOMICS
Edited with an Introduction by
Edwin G. Dolan

With many eminent economists seeking a more thorough explanation of the nature of market phenomena, many serious scholars have increasingly focused on analyses in the tradition of Carl Menger and the Austrian School of economics. Presenting the best introduction to the current Austrian paradigm, **The Foundations of Modern Austrian Economics** includes essays by Israel Kirzner, Ludwig Lachmann, Gerald O'Driscoll, Murray Rothbard, and others. The selections include papers on the nature and significance of praxeology and comparative statics, Austrian and neo-Ricardian capital theory, Austrian and neoclassical monetary and trade cycle theory, and other areas. This volume examines the main gallery of Austrian ideas and contrasts this tradition with more conventional economic approaches.

284 Pages, Index
$12.00 Cloth, $4.95 Paper
($5.50 in Canada)

For free catalog
please write:
SHEED ANDREWS & McMEEL, INC.
6700 Squibb Road, Mission, KS 66202

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

degenerate as meets the eye. But doubts are always alive. Is it possible that those elegant sophistries that preserve and protect the great lies of our time constitute a kind of renaissance? I think it is. Obviously it is no Florentine renaissance, but considering the creativity with which we guard our lies I believe it is arguable that we are living through a renaissance of at least Weimarian distinction. And though we live in an age of little faith, no Arkansas hill ape swathed in rattlesnakes, full of strychnine, and hollering Matthew 17:19-21 has exhibited greater faith than Arthur and Dr. Burns sitting at their typewriters devoutly pecking out their lamentations to fallen banners, "shining moments," and tribunes for "the dispossessed." This is not to say that Arthur's faith is without self-interest or remuneration. He has profited handsomely from the Camelot buncombe, but so have all the fabulists.

Rarely in history have the educated gone into such an encomiastic frenzy, and what inspires it? Kennedy I: three mediocre and dubious White House years; Kennedy II: less than a term as New York's junior senator and a stint at the Justice Department about which even the Camelotians grow coy; and now there is Kennedy III with the most checkered career of all. Never has he held a job in the private sector. His early years in the Senate are remembered for carousals, amours, cronyism, and that inimitable yawn, which could be heard almost any time he was present in the Senate chamber. It was a loud langorous yawn, even by Senate standards, and usually it was but an overture to even louder snores. Teddy was bounced from Harvard, laughed at during the public lives of his brothers, and bounced from a briefly held and poorly executed position in the Senate leadership. That last unhappy exit was occasioned by his sporadic indolence and one of the most appalling scandals in Senate history, the accident at Chappaquiddick and its ensuing fiasco. Nonetheless, in every presidential election since 1968 the wind tunnels of Camelot have whispered his name. How to explain it?

The answer is energy, the kind of excessive energy guaranteed by that lust for power and money that has always characterized the servitors of Camelot. One sees its magic in their organizational feats, their promotional accomplishments, and of course their polemical artistry. Never to be forgotten in this department was a great mélange of sociology, psychology, and what the ancients were wont to call malarkey, which Dr. Burns dumped on the Republic in 1976. The thing was obviously meant as a great silencer to undo all the accumulated allegations of Kennedy peccancy—those alluded to above and others too scabrous to mention in polite company. Throughout the Kennedy buncombe this masterpiece has come to be recognized as the equivalent of the Hope Diamond. "The Kennedys," Dr. Burns assures us, "emerged from their own immigrant and religious heritage....This special heritage helps explain, I think, why the Kennedys often seemed to break the rules. Joseph Kennedy's financial wheeling and dealing brought indignation and consternation to many a Back Bay breast....As small boys the Kennedy brothers were not above occasional shoplifting. John Kennedy, according to a onetime teacher of his at Harvard, handed in a course paper that had clearly, or so the instructor thought, been supplied by the "Widow's," a firm selling papers to students (Jack denied it). Young Ted Kennedy's examination-evasion at Harvard was in part a way of coping with a somewhat alien culture." Why did the Nixon White House not think of this?

And so we are brought again to Kennedy III. What kind of President might he be? Based on his past achievements one sees him taking his rightful place in presidential annals as a genial and goatish Grant. He has Grant's same doggedness, he squirmed through the same beginnings, he shares the same worm's eye view of the world. Teddy even shares Grant's famous hobby; though after a few shots Teddy generally sings—Grant merely snorted. Grant's sole aspiration in life was to teach mathematics at some Hayseed Harvard; only the ineptitude of other Union commanders brought him forward. At West Point no one could remember his name six weeks after he graduated. Early in his career all that saved him from being courtmartialed for drunkenness and neglect of duty was a well-timed retirement, an adroit move that came to be remembered as one of his few moments of cleverness. Everything else about the man was sheer tedium. He was a failure in all his pursuits save war, where he triumphed thanks to always having a larger army and being ever willing to squander soldiers in some reckless way. When not in the height of battle, he showed little inclination to think and seems to have had no ideas of his own. In the end he was seen lying out in the Adirondacks furiously scribbling down his memoirs in hopes of saving his poor wife from a ravening mob of creditors. He finished four days before passing to his reward. True, the book is possibly the greatest American autobiography, but never to be forgotten is the fact that its author was a lifelong associate of unnumbered disasters, private and public. How does the Hon. Teddy differ? He is gayer, almost unbelievably more libidinous, and has an annual income of $450,000.

Few senators in this century rose from such otiose mediocrity. If it were not for the Kennedy millions and the enormous multitude of third-rate minds now inhabiting our public life and glad to have Teddy aboard, it is doubtful Teddy would ever have gotten to Washington. Certainly he would not have stayed. What Teddy would really have liked to do with his life is unknown. My guess is that there was a time when he wanted nothing more than to own a corner tavern somewhere in Boston, one with a jukebox that played "Happy Birthday" often. That his first ambition was not politics is certain. In his early years he had been jovially devoted to the hooch and the harp, both of which along with fast driving and cuties remain his only known cultural interests. Until his 1962 Senate race he totally ignored politics, voting only three times in his first sixteen opportunities; and those times his brother was on the ballot. These were crucial years in the Kennedys' rise to political eminence. There were many nights when the rooms of Hyannis Port filled with the smoke and the voices of Kennedy pols passionately machinating, but all that was ever heard from baby Teddy were a few bars of "My Wild Irish Rose" as he weaved toward his bedroom in the wee hours. I would like to have known him then; those were the happy days.

They ended all too suddenly the night his older brothers, President John and Attorney General Bobby, ambushed him and announced that he would be running for John's old Senate seat, then being kept warm by a family friend. No longer could he lounge about the big house by day and collect speeding tickets by night. Rarely was he free to sleep into the afternoon as had been his custom, and sometimes he had to be up by mid-morning. Shaking hands was not so bad, but public speaking could be dangerous, and debating his Democratic primary opponent, a veteran pol named Edward McCormack, was clearly painful. Every time these massacres took place Teddy was battered mercilessly. Occasionally he was near tears, and toward the end of the campaign the merest mention of McCormack's name could make Teddy wince. Yet Kennedy money ($1.2 million) and a sympathy vote got him through as it has in each of his subsequent campaigns.

Culturally, Teddy is a blank when not within shouting distance of a bartender. Even then he is not very interesting, though it must be said that he rarely forgets a good joke. When Teddy arrives in the White House it is going to take all the fabulists' creativity to present him to the world as anything other than one of those roisterous alums always seen cheering boozily at Notre Dame football games. What poet will they have him quoting, W.C. Fields? What musicians, artists, and metaphysicians will they be inviting to the White House, and how will Teddy treat them?

On his behalf it must be said that for many moons Teddy kept the fabulists of Camelot at arms length. Perhaps it was their weird solemnity, perhaps their chaste admonitions. Whatever it was, he usually shunned them, and every time they men-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioned him for the presidency he turned stone cold. In this he was well advised, for when they did get to him they nearly killed him off. Chappaquiddick was tragic, but the fabulists turned it into a farce that left every Kennedy-hater in the country beaming.

Maybe it was solely Teddy's idea to bring in the fabulists that week after the accident, maybe not, but it surely led to Camelot's most obnoxious moment of bathos, a speech of contrition to the people of Massachusetts. For a decade thereafter poor Teddy was viewed as a freak. Who can doubt that it would have gone better for him had he plainly admitted to having been on the sauce? Millions of Americans would have understood, prayed for Mary Jo Kopechne, and had done with it. Instead the fabulists had him suggesting mischief from demonic fates, speculating about a dark curse on the family, and begging an existential moment of insanity. Robert Kennedy might have carried it off but not a man of Teddy's essential bovinity. To have this big doll of a man intoning Camelotian sonorities when his guilt was

(HIS HEART IMPERILED BY GOBS OF CHOLESTEROL)

What makes a fat man laugh?

He laughs because he's just discovered a distinctive Christmas gift that's fit for millions (well, perhaps thousands) of people on his gift list: Christmas gift subscriptions to *The American Spectator*.

He laughs because he knows that many people on his Christmas list will enjoy *The American Spectator*'s cheery and irreverent view of the ignoramuses who dominate cultural and political life in America.

He knows that in addition to its sauciness, *The American Spectator* is a source of sound observations and good writing on economic, political, and cultural topics.

Shouldn't you be laughing too? Just order subscriptions to *The American Spectator* for people on your Christmas list. Spread *The American Spectator*'s cheer and you will be rewarded throughout the year as your friends think of you every time their copy of the magazine arrives.

Order several subscriptions and take advantage of our special discount described below. Just before Christmas, we'll send a handsome card announcing your gift, and we'll send you a card verifying your order.

Send your order now to help us beat the Christmas deadline... and *Happy Holidays.*

[PLEASE PRINT]

— SPECIAL OFFER —

Now readers of *The American Spectator* can purchase Christmas gift subscriptions at the special rate of $12 for the first gift subscription and $10 for each additional gift, a saving of $2.00 for each additional subscription—and your own renewal may be included.

Please send _____ one-year Christmas gift subscription(s) at $12 for the first subscription and $10 for each additional gift. I understand that an attractive gift card will be sent to the recipients right before Christmas, and their subscriptions will begin soon after.

☐ Please include my own renewal.
☐ Payment enclosed.
☐ Please bill me. Total $ _____

This offer expires December 31, 1978

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send Christmas gift subscriptions to:

1. Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2. Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please print additional names and addresses on a separate sheet

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401

X73

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so unmistakable was to mark him down as an ass for life. There sat two hundred pounds of woebegone *Playboy* philosophy declaring: "It has been written that a man does what he must, in spite of personal consequences, in spite of obstacles and dangers and pressures....that is the basis of all human morality....The stories of past courage cannot supply courage itself. For this each man must look into his own soul. I pray that I can have the courage to make the right decision," etc., etc., ad nauseum.

Was the corrupting influence of Camelot ever more obvious? Was its dreamy amorality ever more apparent? There has been a fatal automobile accident. Teddy fled the scene and failed to report the accident. In response the fabulists roll up their sleeves, spit on their hands, and transform the sordid event into romance, an inscrutable mystery, a personal triumph, another "shining moment." The Hon. Teddy lectures the citizenry on morality and the need for prayer. He invokes the names of fallen Kennedys and speculates on man's fate. There is a homiletic outburst about courage and honor, two virtues conspicuously lacking in his recent behavior. Camelot's insistence on delusion was never more patent, and the whole claque joined in. Arthur informed America that "with Chappaquiddick the iron went into Edward Kennedy's soul." Richard J. Walton speculated that "Perhaps Chappaquiddick was fate's final test, one that would destory him or prove him." And it was after Chappaquiddick that the fabulous Dr. Burns remarked on Teddy's "valiance of the highest order." What is their point? That automobile accidents are the testing ground for presidential greatness? That Chappaquiddick is the Camelotian equivalent of the playing fields of Eton? That this fatal botch made Teddy a better person?

Of all the Kennedys the Hon. Teddy is the least appropriate candidate for the Camelot purple. He has no elegance, no romance, no vision. After Chappaquiddick he got to work in the Senate, but of all the liberals he has shown the least capacity to learn from the past. In a time of doubt about the collectivist nostrums, he hollers for the most dubious and expensive statist policy of all, nationalized health care. The whole country resounds with doubts about bureaucracy's beadledom and the state's infringements on personal liberty and Teddy wants to extend the genius of the Postal Service and the regulatory agencies into ever more areas of American life.

In brief and in sum, Teddy will give the twentieth century a Grant. Grant recklessly heaved Union troops at his problems, Teddy heaves money and coercive laws. Grant was seedier, but then Teddy is surrounded by aides for every occasion. Moreover, he has the fabulists to see to it that when memoir time comes Teddy writes claptrap. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

This month's journal will pay informal tribute to a remarkable twentieth century success story—world Communism.

Much has been written about this movement's idealistic allure, but a greater element in its success might be a striking "can do" approach to sensitive political problems. An example is the recent experience of the People's Republic of Bulgaria. It discovered assassination to be an effective way of countering foreign press criticism, and has since put it to frequent use.

On October 17th agents of the Socialist Federal Republic of Yugoslavia conducted an operation along Bulgarian lines against Mr. Bruno Busic, a 39-year-old socialist journalist who left Yugoslavia in 1975 after spending a couple of years in prison for his historical writing. Mr. Busic, a leader of the Croat nationalist organization Matika, had just published an article harshly critical of Marshal Tito.

As he returned to his temporary residence in northeastern Paris, a man ran up behind him. The London *Times* reported: "According to one of the tenants, who happened to be at his window closing the shutters at the time, Mr. Busic spun round as he heard the footsteps. As the man got within a couple of paces he pulled out a gun and fired five shots at point blank range into the Croat nationalist's head. The killer then fled into the street."

In Germany, it is reported, Yugoslav agents have killed twenty-four Croatian exiles over the last seven years. Diplomatic considerations have rendered Washington's response inaudible. For thirty years Yugoslavia has been the freak specimen of Communist non-alignment. Marshal Tito's welcome to Washington last spring was ecstatic.

Yet inside Yugoslavia the press is said to be so stridently anti-American that most citizens are under the impression that our countries are engaged in a "war of nerves."

The wartime origins of our present Yugoslav policy were portrayed by Evelyn Waugh in his novel, *Unconditional Surrender*. Waugh's biographer has summarized this account as a "picture of how in a Yugoslavia slowly but certainly coming under the domination of the Communist Party led by Tito, the British and American allies help in the extinction of surviving freedom, partly out of wishful thinking and partly out of blank stupidity."

During his months in Yugoslavia Waugh also became convinced that Tito was a woman. "Tito like Lesbian," his notes record, and for a time he referred to Tito exclusively as "she." When the two were later introduced, Tito is reported to have said, "Ask Captain Waugh why he thinks I am a woman."

As a satirist Waugh found his greatest inspiration in Ethiopia. In our last issue W. Scott Thompson profiled Colonel Haile Mengistu Meriam's new Leninist regime there. Recently we've been reading the *Ethiopian Herald*. Our latest copies are dated March 15 and March 22; the lead stories do not, however, seem to change radically from week to week. On the 15th the principal (front page, upper right) photo pictures an airport scene and carries a caption that reads: "The visiting high-level delegation from Yugoslavia being welcomed on arrival here at Bole International Airport." On the 22nd the principal (front page, upper right) photo pictures an airport scene and carries a caption that reads: "Comrade Isidoro Malneiro Peoli, Foreign Minister of Cuba, being seen off at Bole International Airport...."

Elsewhere in the two issues TASS, the Soviet press service, reports from the UN, "Committee Demands Israel to Stop Aggression Against Lebanon." East German President Erich Honecker welcomes Ethiopia's first participation at the Leipzig Fair, calling it "an important event." An article entitled "Forces of Reaction Being Wiped Out" reports on the successful searches for reactionaries being conducted by the "red terror campaign."

The *Herald*'s pages are, in short, filled with idealism. There are features on Marx and Lenin, their lives and thought. Articles are headed "Anti-Apartheid Year Said Gives Renewed Impetus to Heroic Struggle," or "Workers Here Express Joy at Victory of Popular Forces, Brace for Struggle."

One of our correspondents, who has stayed at Addis Ababa's leading hotel twice since the Revolution, reports noticing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on his first visit a sign in his room reading: "Beware of fire, but worse than fire is panic." Upon his return there were two more signs: "Beware of bombs, but worse than bombs is panic"; and, "Beware of machine gun fire, but worse than machine gun fire is panic."

A fascinating book published earlier this year indicates that signs such as these would have been helpful in the hotel rooms of the American correspondents based in South Vietnam during the 1968 Tet offensive. *Big Story*, by Peter Braestrup, the *Washington Post*'s Saigon Bureau Chief during Tet, is a phenomenally well-researched account of the press's performance then. Historians almost all now agree that the offensive was disastrous for the Communists. But it was described as the opposite. Braestrup's appalling chronicle of misreporting in Vietnam (panic was occasionally a factor) and misrepresentation by commentators at home, will be treated at greater length in a future issue.

Now that actual events in Indochina have gone far beyond the "mythical bloodbath" originally predicted—and now that it's too late to do anything about it—an even longer book could be written along *Big Story* lines on the media and clergy response to the victorious Communist offensives of spring, 1975.

On March 19th, under the heading "Religious Leaders Call President Ford's Request for Vietnam/Cambodia Aid Immoral," seventeen prominent clergymen declared, "It is morally indefensible to speculate on a possible future bloodbath...."

The American Association of University Professors, represented by current National Endowment for the Humanities chief Joseph Duffey, took an uncharacteristically budget-minded approach: "Placed in the context of current national priorities, the suggestion of appropriating additional funds for Indochina would be a direct affront to the American people who believe that more pressing current issues require resolution."

Particularly striking, in April 1975, was the contrast between press coverage of the "corrupt" Thieu and Lon Nol regimes, which "jailed dissidents," and the victorious Khymer Rouge leaders.

On the 16th, below the headline "Sihanouk Pledges 'Democratic Rule,'" the *New York Times* introduced its readers to one of them: "Mr. Khieu Samphan, a French-educated economist in his early forties, was once a member of the government of Prince Norodom Sihanouk....He has a reputation for integrity, incorruptibility and concern for the peasants. He is reported to be highly respected among non-Communist Cambodians."

On the 18th, Flora Lewis reported from Paris that the Cambodian Communists were pledged to neutrality and non-alignment, and summarized Comrade Chau Seng's remarks as "sober and conciliatory."

The same day's *Times* reported a joyous entry of Khymer troops into the capital with thousands of Cambodians cheering and waving. And, as if for editorial balance, the op-ed page included a lengthy analysis of the war from the Weather Underground: "The need to pacify and control people at home has produced an orgy of 'Communist bloodbath' rumors. These completely fabricated and unsubstantiated horror stories are designed to manipulate the American public and convince it that Socialism could not possibly be in the interests of ordinary people like ourselves."

A sort of postscript to journalistic history —by the editor of *Time* magazine's "Press" section—appears in the October issue of the University of Pennsylvania's alumni magazine. In his "Confessions of a Press Critic," Don Morrison, Penn '68, mentions receiving the original two-volume version of Peter Braestrup's *Big Story*, which we described above:

> Reporters call me to push books they have written, and I try to explain that I rarely do stories about books, unless they are books about journalism, and even then....
>
> Peter Braestrup, a typical case, is a former *New York Times* reporter who spent years producing a mammoth two-volume study of how the press covered the 1968 Tet offensive in Vietnam, then spent months trying to get me to write something about it. The books sat on my desk mocking me for weeks, until I dipped into them, and decided the subject was too obscure, the event was too long past, and the opus itself was published too far in advance of the 10th anniversary of Tet even to use that slender excuse as a news "peg," something to hang a story on. (Timing is everything, as even the Vietcong knew.) Two months later, however, the Managing Editor Himself sent me a note asking why we hadn't written about the book; Braestrup must have given up on me and gone straight to the top. (It didn't work.) □

Now Available:

The Principles of Ethics
By Herbert Spencer

A thorough and systematic exposition of individualist ethics. Spencer himself considered this to be his finest work. In two volumes, with an introduction by Tibor R. Machan. Hardcover $9.00 per volume, $18.00 the set. Softcover $3.00 per volume, $6.00 the set.

The Right and Wrong of Compulsion by the State, and Other Essays
By Auberon Herbert

British political theorist Auberon Herbert (1838-1906) is without equal as a defender of liberty. His writings are eloquent, forceful—and uncompromising. This volume brings together his major and representative writings, including the title essay, "A Plea for Voluntaryism," "The Ethics of Dynamite," and "Salvation by Force." Edited and with an introduction by Eric Mack. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $3.50.

LibertyPress LibertyClassics

We pay postage on prepaid orders.
To order these books, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. A13
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Index

for Volume Eleven
1977-1978

The Index includes all articles published in The American Spectator *from November 1977 through December 1978. In the listings, the Roman numeral refers to the number of the issue, while the Arabic numerals refer to the pages on which the articles appear.*

I: November 1977
II: December 1977
III: January 1978
IV: February 1978
V: March 1978
VI: April 1978
VII: May 1978
VIII: June/July 1978
IX: August/September 1978
X: October 1978
XI: November 1978
XII: December 1978

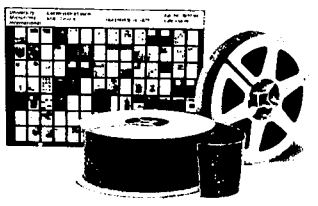
AUTHOR INDEX

Abrams, Elliott. Review of Epstein's *Agency of Fear*. II, 30-32.
——. "The Senate Since Yesterday." IV, 12-14.
Adams, James Ring. "Looking for the Urban Poor." IV, 18.
Adelson, Joseph. Review of Fisher and Greenberg's *The Scientific Credibility of Freud's Theories and Therapy*. III, 30-33.
Allen, William R. Review of Galbraith's *The Age of Uncertainty*. II, 38-39.
Arkes, Hadley. "*Bakke*: The Legal Profession in Crisis." IV, 5-8.
Asahina, Robert. "Why Were We In Vietnam?" I, 15-17.
Ascher, Abraham. Review of Tucker's *Stalinism: Essays in Historical Interpretation*. XI, 33-36.
Bakshian, Aram, Jr. "San Clemente—Not Even a Nice Place to Visit?" IV, 27-28.
——. Review of Duggan and Wattenberg's *Against All Enemies*, Safire's *Full Disclosure*, and Benjamin and Herbert Stein's *On the Brink*. VI, 32-34.
Baldwin, Fred D. "How Polluters Should Pay" (The Public Policy). II, 19-21.
Baras, Victor. "Under East German Eyes." VII, 12-14.
Bartholomew, Douglas. "The Legacy of Old John and Mother Fresh-Roasted" (The Great American Saloon Series). IV, 28-30.
——. "Frazier's Taproom and Cathouse" (The Great American Saloon Series). VII, 22-23.
——. "Fraunces' Tavern and the Spirits of '76" (The Great American Saloon Series). XI, 25-27.
Baumann, Fred. Review of Braudel's *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II*. VI, 29-30.
Beichman, Arnold. "An Open Letter to Zbigniew Brzezinski." III, 16-17.
——. "A War Without End." VI, 20-23.
Bethell, Tom. "Capitol Ideas." I, 28-30; III, 17-19; IV, 20-21; VI, 13-14; VII, 20-21.
——. "Capitol Ideas" (regular feature): "Espionage in Outer Georgetown," VIII, 26-28; "HEW's Silver Anniversary," IX, 22-24; "Dope in the White House," X, 26-28; "Stoolies/*Art Moderne*/Bond: Senator for the 60s," XI, 20-22; "D.C. Democracy: One Man, Two Votes," XII, 21-22.
Bishop, Joseph W., Jr. Review of West's *They Call It Justice: Command Influence and the Court-Martial System*. III, 34-36.
——. Review of Coffin's *Once to Every Man: A Memoir*. V, 29-31.
——. "Fingering the Feds." XI, 11-13.
Bolger, Frank. Review of Smith's *The Life and Legend of Gene Fowler*. VII, 34-35.
Booker, Christopher. Review of Bate's *Samuel Johnson*. X, 30-32.
Bowden, G.T. Review of Weidenbaum's *Business, Government and the Public*. II, 37-38.
Brookhiser, Richard. Review of Wills' *Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence*. IX, 30-32.
Buckley, William F., Jr. "The Struggle, Then and Now." I, 5.
Calkins, Wendell N. Review of Leys' *Chinese Shadows* and Schell's *In the People's Republic*. V, 32-34.
Chickering, A. Lawrence. Review of Raspail's *The Camp of the Saints*. XII, 36-37.
Clarkson, Kenneth W. and Roger E. Meiners. "Deflating Unemployment Statistics" (The Public Policy). V, 26-28.
Clurman, Harold. "Broadway: A Consumer's Guide." IX, 20-22.
Cosgrave, Patrick. Review of Nelson and Prittie's *The Economic War Against the Jews*. VIII, 36-38.
Coyne, John R., Jr. "A Mole's Eye View of the Ford White House." XII, 9-10.
Cropsey, Seth. Review of Schorr's *Clearing the Air*. VII, 35-36.
Crutcher, Anne. Review of Douglas' *The Feminization of American Culture*. I, 40-42.
——. "The Feminine Mistake." VIII, 10-12.
Dean, Eric. Review of Johnson's *A History of Christianity*. II, 34-35.
Decter, Naomi. Review of Davidson's *Loose Change: Three Women of the Sixties*. III, 33-34.
——. "How To Pick Up a Woman's Magazine." IX, 18-19.
DeMuth, Christopher C. "Defending Consumers Against Regulation" (The Public Policy). III, 24-26.
Dickman, Howard. Review of Lebergott's *Wealth and Want*. II, 36-37.
Duggan, Joseph P. "Nick's Big Train Café" (The Great American Saloon Series). II, 24-25.
Dulles, Eleanor Lansing. "The Historian as Gossip." VIII, 19-21.
Eastland, Terry. Review of Cooke's *Six Men*. IV, 35-36.
Editors, The. "Spectator's Journal." XI, 38-39; XII, 40-41.
Everitt, David. "*Looking For Mr. Goodbar* and *Julia*" (The Talkies). II, 21-22.
——. "*Roseland* and *Short Eyes*" (The Talkies). III, 28-29.
——. "*Close Encounters* and *High Anxiety*" (The Talkies). V, 28-29.
Farrell, James T. Review of Bode's *The New Mencken Letters*. I, 35-36.
Fox, John. Review of Trilling's *We Must March My Darlings*. I, 36-38.
Fradkin, Hillel. Review of Sevela's *Farewell, Israel!* V, 31-32.
Glazer, Nathan. Review of Pole's *The Pursuit of Equality in American History*. XII, 24-25.
Gold, Vic. "In the Season of Our Roone." V, 15-16.
Goodman, Walter. "Family Planning Made Tasteful." X, 17-18.
Grant, James. " 'Just A Newspaper Stiff.' " I, 25-28.
Grubbs, Kenneth E., Jr. "Amazon Journal: A Tourist's Odyssey." III, 12-14.
Haseler, Stephen. "The New French Polemicists." VII, 14-16.
Havender, William R. "The 'Gauze Curtain' at Harvard Medical School." V, 22-24.
——. Review of Rabushka's *A Theory of Racial Harmony*. VII, 31-34.
Herman, Russell. Review of Gay's *Freud, Jews and Other Germans: Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture*. VI, 31-32.
Horner, Charles. "Japan, the West, and the World Order." IV, 9-12.
——. "Arabs in Antarctica." IX, 10-13.
Horner, Constance. "Paid Parenthood: *Cui Bono?*" III, 10-12.
Jackasses, Assorted. "Current Wisdom" (regular feature): I, 46; II, 42; III, 38; IV, 40; V, 38; VI, 42; VII, 38; VIII, 42; IX, 41; X, 41; XI, 41; XII, 45.
Kakutani, Michiko. "Radicals Redux" (Eminentoes). VI, 24-25.
Kanner, Stephen B. Review of Berger's *Government By Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment*. X, 32-34.
Kaplan, Roger. "Voices for Europe." I, 32-34.
——. "Will the Kremlin Win the French Elections?" V, 9-11.
——. Review of Revel's *La Nouvelle Censure*, Lepage's *Demain le capitalisme* and *Autogestion et capitalisme*, and Linhart's *L'Établi*. XII, 26-29.
Kenner, Hugh. "When Academe Ran A Fever." I, 10-12.
Kirkendall, Richard. Review of Donovan's *Conflict and Crisis: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman, 1945-1948*. V, 34-36.
Kristol, Irving. "Looking Back on Neo-Conservatism: Notes and Reflections." I, 6-7.
Kristol, William. Review of Kennan's *The Cloud of Danger: Current Realities of American Foreign Policy*. I, 42-44.
La Force, J. Clayburn. "White House Crude." VII, 17-20.
——. Review of Simon's *A Time For Truth*. X, 34-35.
Lagerfeld, Steven D. Review of Newfield and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DuBrul's *The Abuse of Power: The Permanent Government and the Fall of New York*. VIII, 38-39.
Levitt, Theodore. "Corporate Responsibility: Taking Care of Business." I, 21-25.
Levy, David. Review of Berger's *Facing up to Modernity: Excursions in Society, Politics, and Religion*. VI, 34.
Levy, Frank. "Poverty by the Numbers" (The Public Policy). VII, 24-26.
Lipset, Seymour Martin. "Presidential Greatness in the Age of Carter." VIII, 7-10.
Lofton, J.D. "Leonid, We Hardly Knew Ye." IX, 13-15.
London, Ivan D. and Miriam. "The Gang of Fourteen: Street Life in China." VIII, 5-7.
London, Miriam. Review of Chen Jo-hsi's *The Execution of Mayor Yin and Other Stories from the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution* and Hsia Chih-yen's *The Coldest Winter in Peking*. XI, 31-33.
Luce, Clare Boothe. "Carter's Foreign Policy—A New World for the Russians." X, 8-10.
Lukacs, John. "Power and the Twentieth Century." VIII, 13-15.
Lukacs, Paul. "Remembering Randall Jarrell." II, 7-9.
Maaranen, Steven. Review of Gilbert's *Winston S. Churchill, Volume V, 1922-1939*. VIII, 33-36.
Manor, F.S. "Fevers of Rebellion." II, 13-16.
——. "Torcello, Isle of Refuge." V, 16-17.
——. "East by Middle East." VII, 7-10.
——. Review of *Abba Eban: An Autobiography*. IX, 34-36.
——. "Liberal Terror." X, 19-21.
Martino, Antonio. "Making Democracy Unsafe for Italy." VIII, 15-16.
Mathews, Judy. Review of Buckley's *Stained Glass*. IX, 36-37.
McAdams, A. James. Review of Greeley's *The American Catholic: A Social Portrait*. II, 32-33.
——. "Bishops to the Barricades" (Among the Intellectualoids). VIII, 30-32.
McGrath, Joseph P. "The Cain Scrutiny." IV, 25-26.
Meiners, Roger E. and Kenneth W. Clarkson. "Deflating Unemployment Statistics" (The Public Policy). V, 26-28.
Melling, James P., II. "Louisville's Cunningham's" (The Great American Saloon Series). VI, 26-27.
Merritt, Richard L. "From Munich to Mogadishu." VIII, 17-19.
Meyerson, Adam. "Co-op Capitalism." VI, 18-20.
——. Review of Lindblom's *Politics and Markets*. XI, 28-30.
Miller, Stephen. "Vietnam and the Responsibility of Intellectuals." I, 12-15.
——. Review of *The Essays of E.B. White*. IV, 31-32.
——. Review of Lasch's *Haven in a Heartless World: The Family Besieged*. VI, 27-28.
——. "Passages to India: Hindu Culture and Western Minds." IX, 5-10.
——. "*New York Jew*: A Tale Distorted." XI, 5-7.
——. "RFK: Ruthlessness Reconsidered." XII, 11-13.
Mount, Ferdinand. Review of Green's *Transatlantic Patterns: Cultural Comparisons of England with America*. VII, 30-31.
Muggeridge, Malcolm. "Operation Death-Wish." I, 7-9.
Murchison, William. Review of Barron and Paul's *Murder of a Gentle Land* and Ponchaud's *Cambodia: Year Zero*. XII, 32-33.
Mysak, Joe. "Truman Capote: Adonis from Monroeville" (Eminentoes). IX, 26-28.
Nisbet, Robert. Review of Teggart's *Theory and Processes of History*. III, 36-37.
Nollson, John. " 'I Oughta Be In Pictures.' " II, 23-24.
——. "Interim Report." III, 29-30.
——. "Gibbon's Silent Partner." V, 24.
——. "The Grantsy." VI, 25-26.
——. "Did Moses Part the Mississippi?" VII, 26-27.
——. "Author's Reply." VIII, 32.
——. "Taxes: A Historical Perspective." X, 28-29.
——. "Aspen: The New Rome." XI, 22-23.
——. "Mid East Countdown." XII, 23-24.
Nolte, William H. "A Question of Faith." II, 9-13.
——. Review of Fecher's *Mencken: A Study of His Thought*. IX, 28-30.
——. "Evan Connell the Ironist." XI, 13-15.
Norton, Mary C. "Education for a Different Whom." III, 14-16.
Novak, Michael. "McCarthyism, Still the Life of the Party." I, 17-20.
——. "Men Without Women." X, 14-17.
Nuechterlein, James A. Review of *Grassroots: The Autobiography of George McGovern* and Shogan's *Promises to Keep: Carter's First Hundred Days*. IX, 32-34.
O'Lessker, Karl. "Carter: The First Two Years." XII, 5-8.
Patton, George S., III. Review of Herr's *Dispatches*. VIII, 39-40.
——. Review of Palmer's *Summons of the Trumpet*. XII, 34-35.
Plattner, Marc F. "Electoral College Reform: Benjamin Harrison Never Again" (The Public Policy). VIII, 22-23.
Plunkitt, George Washington. "The Bootblack Stand" (irregular feature): II, 22; IV, 37-38.
Polsby, Nelson W. "Carter and Congress: The No Deal Coalition." XI, 16-19.
Rahe, Paul A. Review of Kramnick's *The Rage of Edmund Burke: Portrait of an Ambivalent Conservative*. IV, 34-35.
Rosen, Stephen. Review of Conquest's *Defending America: Towards a New Role in the Post-Détente World*. I, 45-47.
——. "Will We Throw the Arms Race?" VI, 8-12.
Rusthoven, Peter J. "The Nation's Pulse" (regular feature): *"Le Roi Est Mort,"* I, 30-32; "Blood and Gore: TV and the Law," III, 26-28; "Towards a Middle East Peace?" V, 25-26; "Our President in the Pits," VII, 28-29; "G-Men in the Dock—An Encore," VIII, 28-30; "Bakke: America's Oldest Medical Student," IX, 24-25; "Reporters in the Slammer," X, 25-26; "Undue Process," XI, 27-28.
Scalapino, Robert A. "China, Taiwan, and American Credibility." V, 5-9.
Scully, Michael Andrew. "Will the Senate Sober Up?" IV, 15-17.
Seabury, Paul. "Clausewitz: Visions of a Nuclear War." IX, 15-17.
Sestanovich, Stephen. Review of Ulam's *In the Name of the People: Prophets and Conspirators in Prerevolutionary Russia*. II, 33-34.
Simon, William E. "Preventing Medicine." VI, 15-18.
Singer, Isaac Bashevis. "Warsaw, 1926—A Memoir." VII, 5-7.
Sisk, John P. "Pornography, Censorship, and the Cult of the Wild West." III, 5-7.
——. "When Love Is Soon Hot, Soon Cold." V, 11-15.
——. "The Bitter Truth of Gossip." X, 10-14.
Starr, Roger. "Exporting Environmental Havoc." VI, 5-8.
——. "Controlling Rents, Razing Cities" (The Public Policy). X, 21-24.
Stillman, Whit. "Under the Condor—A Story." III, 19-23.
——. "Under the Condor—Part Two." IV, 22-25.
——. "Under the Condor—Part Three." V, 18-21.
——. "Ban the Soleil." IX, 4.
Terzian, Philip. "He Seen His Opportunity and He Took Us." III, 8-10.
Thompson, W. Scott. "The Soviets' African Waltz." XI, 8-10.
Tyrrell, R. Emmett, Jr. "The Continuing Crisis" (regular feature): I, 2; II, 2; III, 2; IV, 2; V, 2; VI, 2; VII, 2; VIII, 2; IX, 2; X, 2; XI, 2; XII, 2.
——. "Editorial" (regular feature): "On Ten Years of Public Service," I, 4; "Andrew Young: The Black Man's Burden," II, 4; "Worst Book of the Year," III, 4; "Reflections on a Merry State," IV, 4; "Encomiums for Califano," V, 4; "Penetrating the Mysteries of Ravello," VI, 4; "Springtime in Europe," VII, 4; "Richard Milhous Nixon: The Serenade in B-Flat," VIII, 4; "Henry Kissinger: Metternich Flummoxed," X, 4; "Jimmy: Midway in the Revels," XI, 4; "The Hon. Teddy and the Camelot Buncombe," XII, 4.
——. "A Dinner Story." IV, 41-43.
——. "A Conversation with Raymond Aron." VII, 10-12.
——. "Special Editorial." IX, 2.
Valis, Nöel M. "Voices of Solitude: The Modern Latin American Novel." XII, 14-16.
van den Haag, Ernest. "Thomas Szasz and the 'Myth' of Mental Illness." IV, 19-20.
Von Kannon, Baron. Review of Gold's *PR as in President*. IV, 32-34.
Walsh, Edward J. "The Next European War." II, 16-18.
——. Review of Caputo's *A Rumor of War*. IV, 36-37.
Whalen, Richard J. Review of Kristol's *Two Cheers for Capitalism*. XI, 36-37.
Wilson, James Q. Review of Bruce-Briggs' *The War Against the Automobile*. IV, 30.
Worsthorne, Peregrine. "In Defense of Class." II, 5-7.
——. "The Nixon Memoirs: Some Points the Others Missed." X, 5-7.
Yagoda, Ben. "Rock-and-Roll Grandeur" (The Talkies). VIII, 24-26.
——. "Woody Allen's Interiors" (The Talkies). X, 29-30.
——. *"Who'll Stop the Rain* and *Days of Heaven"* (The Talkies). XI, 24-25.
——. *"A Wedding"* (The Talkies). XII, 20-21.

this publication is available in microform



Please send me additional information.
University Microfilms International
300 North Zeeb Road
Dept. P.R.
Ann Arbor, MI 48106
U.S.A.

18 Bedford Row
Dept. P.R.
London, WC1R 4EJ
England

Name _____
Institution _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS REVIEWED

Anderson, Martin. *Welfare: The Political Economy of Welfare Reform in the United States.* (Tom Bethell). IX, 22-24.

Aron, Raymond. *Plaidoyer Pour L'Europe Décadente.* (Roger Kaplan). I, 32-34.

Barron, John and Anthony Paul. *Murder of a Gentle Land.* (William Murchison). XII, 32-33.

Bate, W. Jackson. *Samuel Johnson.* (Christopher Booker). X, 30-32.

Berger, Peter L. *Facing up to Modernity: Excursions in Society, Politics, and Religion.* (David Levy). VI, 34.

Berger, Raoul. *Government By Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment.* (Stephen B. Kanner). X, 32-34.

Bode, Carl, ed. *The New Mencken Letters.* (James T. Farrell). I, 35-36.

Braudel, Ferdinand. *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World in the Age of Philip II.* (Fred Baumann). VI, 29-30.

Bruce-Briggs, Barry. *The War Against the Automobile.* (James Q. Wilson). IV, 30.

Buckley, William F., Jr. *Stained Glass.* (Judy Mathews). IX, 36-37.

Caputo, Philip. *A Rumor of War.* (Edward J. Walsh). IV, 36-37.

Chih-yen, Hsia. *The Coldest Winter in Peking.* (Miriam London). XI, 31-33.

Coffin, William Sloane, Jr. *Once to Every Man: A Memoir.* (Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.). V, 29-31.

Conquest, Robert, et al. *Defending America: Towards a New Role in the Post-Détente World.* (Stephen Rosen). I, 45-47.

Cooke, Alistair. *Six Men.* (Terry Eastland). IV, 35-36.

Coover, Robert. *The Public Burning.* (R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.). III, 4.

Davidson, Sara. *Loose Change: Three Women of the Sixties.* (Naomi Decter). III, 33-34.

Donovan, Robert J. *Conflict and Crisis: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman, 1945-1948.* (Richard Kirkendall). V, 34-36.

Douglas, Ann. *The Feminization of American Culture.* (Anne Crutcher). I, 40-42.

Duggan, Ervin S. and Ben Wattenberg. *Against All Enemies.* (Aram Bakshian, Jr.). VI, 32-34.

Eban, Abba. *Abba Eban: An Autobiography.* (F.S. Manor). IX, 34-36.

Epstein, Edward J. *Agency of Fear.* (Elliott Abrams). II, 30-32.

——. *The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald.* (Tom Bethell). VI, 13-14.

Fecher, Charles A. *Mencken: A Study of His Thought.* (William H. Nolte). IX, 28-30.

Fisher, Seymour and Roger P. Greenberg. *The Scientific Credibility of Freud's Theories and Therapy.* (Joseph Adelson). III, 30-33.

Galbraith, John Kenneth. *The Age of Uncertainty.* (William R. Allen). II, 38-39.

Gay, Peter. *Freud, Jews and Other Germans: Masters and Victims in Modernist Culture.* (Russell Herman). VI, 31-32.

Gilbert, Martin. *Winston S. Churchill, Volume V, 1922-1939.* (Steven Maaranen). VIII, 33-36.

Gold, Vic. *PR as in President.* (Baron Von Kannon). IV, 32-34.

Greeley, Andrew M. *The American Catholic: A Social Portrait.* (A. James McAdams). II, 32-33.

Green, Martin. *Transatlantic Patterns: Cultural Comparisons of England with America.* (Ferdinand Mount). VII, 30-31.

Herr, Michael. *Dispatches.* (George S. Patton III). VIII, 39-40.

Johnson, Paul. *A History of Christianity.* (Eric Dean). II, 34-35.

Jo-hsi, Chen. *The Execution of Mayor Yin and Other Stories from the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.* (Miriam London). XI, 31-33.

Kazin, Alfred. *New York Jew.* (Stephen Miller). XI, 5-7.

Kennan, George F. *The Cloud of Danger: Current Realities of American Foreign Policy.* (William Kristol). I, 42-44.

Keniston, Kenneth and the Carnegie Council on Children. *All Our Children: The American Family Under Pressure.* (Constance Horner). III, 10-12.

Kramnick, Isaac. *The Rage of Edmund Burke: Portrait of an Ambivalent Conservative.* (Paul A. Rahe). IV, 34-35.

Kristol, Irving. *Two Cheers for Capitalism.* (Richard J. Whalen). XI, 36-37.

Lasch, Christopher. *Haven in a Heartless World: The Family Besieged.* (Stephen Miller). VI, 27-28.

Lebergott, Stanley. *Wealth and Want.* (Howard Dickman). II, 36-37.

Lepage, Henri. *Demain le capitalisme* and *Autogestion et capitalisme.* (Roger Kaplan). XII, 26-29.

Leys, Simon. *Chinese Shadows.* (Wendell N. Calkins). V, 32-34.

Lindblom, Charles E. *Politics and Markets.* (Adam Meyerson). XI, 28-30.

Linhart, Robert. *L'Établi.* (Roger Kaplan). XII, 26-29.

McGovern, George. *Grassroots: The Autobiography of George McGovern.* (James A. Nuechterlein). IX, 32-34.

Mosley, Leonard. *Dulles: A Biography of Eleanor, Allen, and John Foster Dulles and Their Family Network.* (Eleanor Lansing Dulles). VIII, 19-21.

Nelson, Walter Henry and Terrence Prittie. *The Economic War Against the Jews.* (Patrick Cosgrave). VIII, 36-38.

Newfield, Jack and Paul DuBrul. *The Abuse of Power: The Permanent Government and the Fall of New York.* (Steven D. Lagerfeld). VIII, 38-39.

Nixon, Richard M. *RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon.* (Peregrine Worsthorne). X, 5-7.

Palmer, Dave R. *Summons of the Trumpet.* (George S. Patton III). XII, 34-35.

Pole, J.R. *The Pursuit of Equality in American History.* (Nathan Glazer). XII, 24-25.

Ponchaud, François. *Cambodia: Year Zero.* (William Murchison). XII, 32-33.

Rabushka, Alvin. *A Theory of Racial Harmony.* (William R. Havender). VII, 31-34.

Raspail, Jean. *The Camp of the Saints.* (A. Lawrence Chickering). XII, 36-37.

Revel, Jean-François. *The Totalitarian Temptation.* (Roger Kaplan). I, 32-34.

——. *La Nouvelle Censure.* (Roger Kaplan). XII, 26-29.

Safire, William. *Full Disclosure.* (Aram Bakshian, Jr.). VI, 32-34.

Schell, Orville. *In the People's Republic.* (Wendell N. Calkins). V, 32-34.

Schorr, Daniel. *Clearing the Air.* (Seth Cropsey). VII, 35-36.

Sevela, Ephraim. *Farewell, Israel!* (Hillel Fradkin). V, 31-32.

Shogan, Robert. *Promises To Keep: Carter's First Hundred Days.* (James A. Nuechterlein). IX, 32-34.

Simon, William E. *A Time For Truth.* (J. Clayburn La Force). X, 34-35.

Smith, H. Allen. *The Life and Legend of Gene Fowler.* (Frank Bolger). VII, 34-35.

Stein, Benjamin and Herbert. *On the Brink.* (Aram Bakshian, Jr.). VI, 32-34.

Teggart, Frederick J. *Theory and Processes of History.* (Robert Nisbet). III, 36-37.

Trilling, Diana. *We Must March My Darlings.* (John Fox). I, 36-38.

Tucker, Robert C., ed. *Stalinism: Essays in Historical Interpretation.* (Abraham Ascher). XI, 33-36.

Ulam, Adam. *In the Name of the People: Prophets and Conspirators in Prerevolutionary Russia.* (Stephen Sestanovich). II, 33-34.

USSR Academy of Sciences, The. *Leonid I. Brezhnev: Pages From His Life.* (J.D. Lofton). IX, 13-15.

Wanniski, Jude. *The Way the World Works.* (Tom Bethell). IX, 22-24.

Weidenbaum, Murray. *Business, Government and the Public.* (G.T. Bowden). II, 37-38.

West, Luther C. *They Call It Justice: Command Influence and the Court-Martial System.* (Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.). III, 34-36.

White, E.B. *The Essays of E.B. White.* (Stephen Miller). IV, 31-32.

Wills, Garry. *Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence.* (Richard Brookhiser). IX, 30-32.

Wilson, James Q. *The Investigators: Managing FBI and Narcotics Agents.* (Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.). XI, 11-13.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

1. Title of publication: The American Spectator.
2. Date of filing: 1 October 1978.
3. Frequency of issue: Monthly. (A) No. of issues published annually: 12. (B) Annual subscription price: $12.00.
4. Location of known office of publication: 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Monroe County, Indiana 47401.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Monroe County, Indiana 47401.
6. Names and complete addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: Whit Stillman, 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. Editor: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401. Managing Editor: Steven C. Munson, 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.
7. Owner: The Alternative Educational Foundation, Inc., 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.
9. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes have not changed during preceding 12 months.

10. Extent and nature of circulation	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed	22,180	23,000
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	600	1,345
2. Mail subscriptions	16,758	18,977
C. Total paid circulation	17,358	20,322
D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	1,197	593
E. Total distribution	18,555	20,915
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	2,950	1,135
2. Returns from news agents	675	950
G. Total	22,180	23,000

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Editor
12. For completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates: 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the phased postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626. R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Editor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

Inquiry

Another self-effacing reminiscence from Mr. Carl Oglesby, quondam Grand Kleagle of the Students for a Democratic Society and now apparently a somewhat bemused and petulant has-been:

We were alienated (ah, how the old battle cries re-echo!) from racism, militarism, imperialism, and domestic repression. We were alienated from the men and the institutions we saw as shamelessly betraying the best of the American tradition. The New Left was not afraid of modern times. We were not Luddites. If we sometimes seemed to assert a romantic nostalgia for the days of clean water and clean air, that was only in order to tell technology that it must carry out its agenda on strictly human terms.

[*May 29, 1978*]

Psychology Today

A sampling of the reassuring sough that is produced when Miss Doris Kearns interviews Dr. James MacGregor Burns, both ardent revolutionaries of the Hammacher Schlemmer wing of the Camelot camorra:

Kearns: Let's turn now to democratic leaders. How do you deal with a situation such as the Presidential election in the U.S. in 1968 when the leader who won—Richard Nixon—seemed to appeal to a baser class of wants and needs, and prejudices and fears, while the leader who lost—Hubert Humphrey—seemed to be more in touch with genuine needs?

Burns: First of all, no law or theory requires that the leader who appeals to the higher motives will win. The existence of a competitive situation doesn't mean that followers will never make mistakes. A lot depends on whether public opinion is wholesome or manipulated. In 1968, for example, a lot of people were frightened by an artificially distorted image of Yippies and hippies taking over the country. The same thing happened during Red scares when people's attitudes were distorted by an artificial and exaggerated perception of the Communist menace. When a public is frightened in this way, it often reverts to narrow, self-protective, "lower" needs.

Kearns: Do you think that FDR could have moved toward the satisfaction of those higher and more complicated needs if the diversion of World War II had not happened?

Burns: My guess is yes, that FDR was so resourceful, so flexible, and so sensitive that *if* he had been able to bring back full prosperity, which he lacked the economic tools and know-how to do—and *if* World War II had not intervened—he could have become, with Eleanor Roosevelt's help, a transforming leader instead of a brokerage leader.

Kearns: What is the difference between a transforming leader and a brokerage leader?

Burns: The brokerage type of leader approaches followers with an eye to exchanging one specific thing for another, such as jobs for votes, whereas the transforming leader engages the broader, more lasting, more authentic needs of his followers in a more interactive relationship, satisfying their present needs while at the same time making them conscious of their deeper needs. Brokerage leadership is more common in Western, bourgeois, trading democracies, while transforming leadership is more often found in countries like India or China.

[*October 1978*]

The New Republic

A gleeful passage spied in the redoubtable *New Republic*'s recent "A Man on Horseback Now More Than Ever" issue, an issue all about the exigency of delousing Teddy and crowning him President for Life:

A Kennedy Presidency would be activist. It would expand government's involvement in people's lives (though Kennedy favors deregulation and increased competition in transportation and other business). It probably would be expensive.

[*September 23, 1978*]

The Nation

A transcription of Dr. Philip Green's hollering in his sleep:

Yet for the New Conservatives, anyone who fails to prostrate himself or herself before the make-believe alliance of *Commentary*, the American Enterprise Institute and a few public opinion polls becomes a New Left "elitist," an enemy of "the people" to be scourged from public life like Ibsen's Dr. Stockmann. Again, the resonances of Bobby Seale and Huey Newton ("Power to the People") would be ironically amusing were it not that European history casts a darker shadow on the road down which we can travel in the name of chauvinism, racial enmity and scapegoating the Left.

[*October 14, 1978*]

The Nation

An encore from Dr. Philip Green, still ranting and sweating over the New Conservatives. Here he fevers over their inability to produce writers of sidewalk sensitivity. Alas, where is our Studs Terkel? Oh for a Harry Braverman! Perhaps a Lawrence Welk?

These spokesmen for "the real majority" have not, in fact, produced a single work that is sensitively descriptive of American life, no works like those of Harry Braverman, Studs Terkel, Patricia Cayo Sexton, or Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb. They are at home with statistics, never with people.

[*October 14, 1978*]

Newsweek

Another glimpse into the tiny brain of our President:

I had so much to learn when I first came here. I had to learn the structure of government, the budgeting process. I had to do an enormous amount of background study just to learn where all the nations of the world were and who their leaders were and what their major issues might be on a bilateral basis with us....

[*August 28, 1978*]

Crawdaddy

The scholarly speculations of another luminous reader of *Crawdaddy*:

Regarding your Shortshots of June, '78 (*Gazette*): Very interesting. As a person who spends about six hours per day under fluorescent lights, I wonder if they do not account for *my* recent weight gain. Are there any studies of this phenomenon in humans?

Jenifer Van Deusen
Corte Madera, Calif.

[*August 1978*]

The New York Review of Books

Mr. Marshall Frady rises up from the Freudian couch, and lets out a howl bound to become obligatory reading for college sophomores all over the Republic:

Whatever else it was, and however authoritarian it turned out to be, the Cuban revolution seemed the most original and dramatic political event to have occurred in this hemisphere in this century, with Castro himself an almost Tolstoyan figure in the profusion of his exuberance and imagination—Shelley, indeed Byron, could never have dreamed him up. Among all the premiers and statesmen over the globe, he was at least the one figure who seemed unquestionably, tumultuously alive. But he also, along with his revolution, hugely traumatized the proprietorial interests in the United States, as the weary and meager spirit of constricted self-interest is liable to be critically intimidated by the sudden advent of a larger vitality, and driven to extinguish it.

[*October 12, 1978*]

Mother Jones

Mr. Rob Schultheis, the renowned author and philosopher, proffers an auspicious report of important cultural rumblings that may yet save the foul Yankee from himself:

Politics can be the lowest form of human relationships. But what has grown out of the Indian exile to the city is something quite different; deeper, traditional, colored with something that can only be called religion....It is not surprising that this Native American renaissance began with the exile of Indians to the cities: without the salt of forced change, these little nations might well have withered away under the weight of the Iron Age hordes from Europe.

Or perhaps not. There is no way of proving it, and the cold-blooded Anglo in me recoils at the thought, but perhaps there *is* a kind of rough magic to these people we miscall Indians. Driving on the freeway at rush hour, you might see a turquoise pickup truck with beads and feathers hanging from the mirror, a dark bronze man with black glasses and a tall hat at the wheel; "Indians Make Better Lovers," the bumpersticker reads. There are sweatlodges in the backyards of Indian tenements in Brooklyn, Chicago, San Jose, where the people sweat, and chant, and pray, to purify themselves. There are old-time wizards, they say, who look like tramps, but who can sing to the streams entombed beneath the sidewalks and call hummingbirds out of the night sky; they look like winos, bums, but who can really tell?

They are, these "Indians," after all, the original inhabitants, the spiritual custodians of this country we think of as our own; even in the perjured heart of our blackest city. "We aren't thinking so much about politics any more," a young Indian told me. "We want to get back to the ways of our grandmothers and grandfathers, to the old religion. That is where the real power lies."

And so we see them—somehow strong, somehow beautiful—on the back streets and skid rows and in the factories and offices and suburbs of the country we call America. Like the ghostly Indians in Donald Barthelme's *The Indian Uprising*, they haunt our dreams; they rise, murdered, from suburban lawns and asphalt parking lots, bearing the secret names of the land on their lips, reproaching the pale and smoky world we have built around and over them.

[*November 1978*]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to make "Proposition 13" government work all across the country—and especially in Washington

Yes, we CAN get rid of big government. David Friedman has fresh, sometimes startling ideas

The libertarian case for freedom is no longer unfamiliar. But David Friedman picks up where the others leave off, in two major respects:

- His case for private property is fresh.
- He dares to go beyond attractive theory to offer arresting, *workable* ways to "sell the State in small pieces."

He demolishes the standard liberal arguments for the mixed economy, again offering new insights. After reading Dr. Friedman, no respectable liberal will ever again urge "human rights, not property rights" without feeling uneasy. As for "public property managed for the public good," Dr. Friedman exposes the repression lurking in a formula most people take for granted.

But David Friedman doesn't stop at theory. The book abounds with *practical* ideas for getting rid of the big-government mess. The social problems are real: schools, pollution, mass transit, many more. The author doesn't simply say individuals can handle them better. He shows us *how*.

Many will part company with the author's anarcho-capitalism: how he would move even laws, courts, police, and national defense into the private sector. But *everyone* who cares about the erosion of liberty—from conservatives to left-individualists—will find bold new ideas here. And those who still believe in government as the problem solver of first or last resort may experience a crisis of faith—if they dare risk reading David Friedman.

First published five years ago, this book appears with new material in this edition.

- "Greedy capitalists get money by trade. Good liberals steal it."
- "Special interest politics is a simple game. A hundred people sit in a circle, each with his pocket full of pennies. A politician walks around the outside of the circle, taking a penny from each person. No one minds; who cares about a penny? When he has gotten all the way around the circle, the politician throws fifty cents down in front of one person, who is overjoyed at the windfall. The process is repeated, ending with a different person. After a hundred rounds, everyone is a hundred cents poorer, fifty cents richer, and happy."

SAVE $10.00

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

165 Huguenot Street, New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

Please send FREE **The Machinery of Freedom** and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 50% plus shipping—books on politics, investing, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, Communism, history, etc. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 24 days—15 times a year. If due to late mail delivery I get a Selection without having had 10 days to decide if I want it, I may return it at Club expense. AT 208

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $10. Please send **The Machinery of Freedom** postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified

HELP WANTED

Auto Damage Appraiser: New York or Boston areas; college; no experience; honest, energetic, mechanically inclined with capacity for detail. Incentive compensation 10K-25K first year. Send resumé: DUNN, 12415 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44106.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS

THE CHESTERTON REVIEW is an international journal of literature and politics. For subscriptions ($6.00 per year), write to: *Chesterton Review*, 1437 College Drive, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7N 0W6.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS
Librarian bookfinders search titles or subject, plus 150,000 indexed stock. PAB, 2931 Atlantic, Atlantic City, N.J. 08401. 609-344-1943.

IS JIMMY CARTER A LIAR?
Do wild bears sleep in the woods? Monthly newsletter, $7.50/year. The Carter Watch, Box 658, Conyers, Georgia 30207.

LAST DAYS of the Catholic Church. By a Catholic, booklet of 68 pages. Send $2 to: W.F. Strojie, Route 2, Box 111-A, Sheridan, Ore. 97378.

FREE COPY OF NEW REVIEW to anyone interested in the abortion issue. *The Human Life Review*, a new quarterly journal, provides the best anti-abortion arguments available anywhere. Discover it for yourself. For your FREE, no-obligation sample copy, write today to: *The Human Life Review*, 150 E. 35th St., New York, NY 10016.

"...Buckley repeatedly argues not against redistribution but merely against...Federal administration of it; the matter, he says, is better left to the states. However valid this point...it's beside the essential point that redistribution, by whatever level of government, is counterproductive, that it makes the poor poorer." From *Voluntarism* by D.G. Lesvic, $5, Floringold Publications, Box 478, North Hollywood, Cal. 91603.

WORLDWIDE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS
65 countries. Sampler: Five countries—$2.98. FREE BROCHURE. Multinewspapers, Box DE-S, Dana Point, California 92629.

BOOK SEARCHING. All subjects. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

R. Emmett Tyrrell called it "extremely well done and very clever." Read *The Camelia Caper*, hilarious story of a bank scam. At bookstores or send $7.95 to: Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

MISCELLANEOUS

"NIXON'S THE ONE—IN 1980"
The latest thing in political buttons. This little beauty is the perfect conversation stopper. Buy several for people on your enemies list. Send $1 per button to: The Saturday Evening Club, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401. OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 4, 1980.

BASEBALL MEMORABILIA WANTED
Especially old cards. Sullivan, 2039 Nashville Rd., Bowling Green, KY 42101.

TEE/SHIRTS AND SWEAT/SHIRTS: Milton Friedman, Ronald Reagan, Adam Smith, and Saint Thomas Aquinas. Two sizes fit all normal people: Large and Too Large. Tees $6 each, and Sweats $8 each, postpaid. H.L. Mencken, Edmund Burke, and Russell Kirk available Tees only. Satisfaction guaranteed. The Commodore, P.O.B. 277, North Adams, Mich. 48262.

PERSONAL

Tall and slender NY area single male is really into singles bar scene. I don't mind plastic people at all. Wanna meet me? Write to Herb, c/o Box H, The American Spectator.

Successful entrepreneur evaluates business/personal/financial problems. First consultation free ($28 value!) with this ad. DALPIER, 422 Lemon Grove, Montecito, CA 93108.

MISCELLANEOUS

"BOYCOTT THE KGB'S OLYMPICS IN 1980" Bumper stickers at $1 each. Support the Cold War. The Saturday Evening Club, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401.

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. Brochure 25 cents. Box GL, The American Spectator.

Christians don't know where they came from or where they are going. J.C. Brainbeau does. Wing a SASE to Herebetores, Box 2138, Youngstown, Ohio 44504.

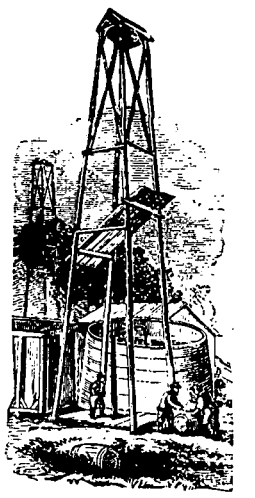
ARMAGEDDON STATIONERY: Amaze and delight capitalist friends. Outrage collectivists. Intimidate politicians and bureaucrats. Write letters on ARMAGEDDON STATIONERY. 40 pages. Fully illustrated. $3.95. Barney Steel, 334 Coronado, Long Beach, California 90814.

Collecting military medals? List, $.50. S. Vernon, Box 387AS, Baldwin, NY 11510.

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CALENDARBOOK 1979. A fabulous 62 pages of fine art and text, with 53 weekly calendar/appointment pages, it converts into a real book when the year is ended! Nothing like it has ever been done before. Compiled in cooperation with 24 museum and private collections, the creative works of 42 American artists are presented, including Lincoln and family images by engravers, glassmakers, graphic designers, fine art illustrators, photographers, portrait artists, sculptors, and silent-film stars who played Father Abraham. With special tributes to Jefferson Davis, U.S. Grant, and Robert E. Lee, the Calendarbook will include Mary Todd Lincoln's recipe for brandied currant and cinnamon cake. The extraordinary variety of 65 black/white and color illustrations spans twelve decades, from Lincoln's time to the present era of American art. Fully indexed and detailed with notes on the illustrations, The Lincoln Calendarbook is a superb reference and "idea" book, a marvelous personal and business gift. $5.35 the copy delivered. Your check or money order to: Lincoln, POB 511, Appleton, Wis. 54912.

Did you miss *The American Spectator*'s Tenth Anniversary Issue? We still have a limited supply available. Don't miss this collector's item and the outstanding articles by William F. Buckley, Jr., James T. Farrell, Hugh Kenner, Irving Kristol, Malcolm Muggeridge, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and many others. This special 48-page issue can be yours by sending a check for $1.50 per copy to: Back Issues Dept., *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

REACH 50,000 READERS
with an American Spectator Classified ad
25 cents a word, 12-word minimum. Box numbers $2 each. *The American Spectator* reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify ad classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Books & Periodicals, Literary, Conferences, Personal, Miscellaneous. Send ads, with full payment, to: Classified Ad Department, *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, IN 47401.



Energy Facts

You can now have the unbiased facts on energy conditions as seen by Dr. John McKetta for 45 cents (three postage stamps).

Prof. McKetta is a former chairman of the National Energy Policy Committee and the Committee on National Air Quality Management.

This booklet is not financed by the government, the oil industry, or any other special interest group.

Send 45 cents in stamps to:
G.G. Calhoun
2606 Terrace
Midland, Texas 79701

Changing Your Address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your American Spectator in the space below. Print your new address and mail this form to The American Spectator. When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name. IMPORTANT: allow six weeks for address change.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 877
Bloomington, Indiana 47401

(Please attach address label here.)

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$12).
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

(please print)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State..... Zip.....
Date of change.....

X71

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A great book on a great subject."
R. E. Tyrrell, Jr.

Now—four years and 6,000 tastings later— The Great American Beer Book is off the press!

If I may borrow the slogan of a well-known brewer, I think you'll find *The Great American Beer Book* is the one to have if you're having only one. In its 232 oversized pages, I've answered every question a beer lover—or anyone—might ask about beer. Questions like: Where and when was beer invented? How is it made? What's the difference between ale and lager? What does aging do to beer? How many brands are there? Which ones do people like best and why? How does American beer compare with foreign kinds?

My book will give you the best answers possible from the available data—to all of those questions, and to hundreds more on the fascinating subject of beer.

An objective book

I'm not a brewer. So I don't have an ax to grind for any particular brand of beer, or for the industry in general. The only prejudice I have is that I like beer! I'm partial. Beer happens to be my favorite beverage. And because I love my subject, I was able to write a sounder, more interesting book.

550 beers rated in blindfold taste test

I selected the 32 people on my beer-tasting panel from many occupations, many segments of society, every section of the country, every age group. Twice as many men as women, to match the profile of America's beer-drinking population. Very complicated tasting schedules were arranged to challenge and test their avowed beer preferences. Through the four years we worked together, many panel members formed new taste preferences, and all of us made new friends. I think as you read and use this book, it will expand your horizons and enrich your friendships, too.

"Test read" by unbiased readers

Before I even submitted my book to a publisher, a number of people (beer lovers and otherwise) were kind enough to "test read" it for me. Some were so fascinated with the history and lore of beer, they read it from cover to cover. Others dipped into its pages where their interests led them. Some consulted it as you would an encyclopedia or reference book.

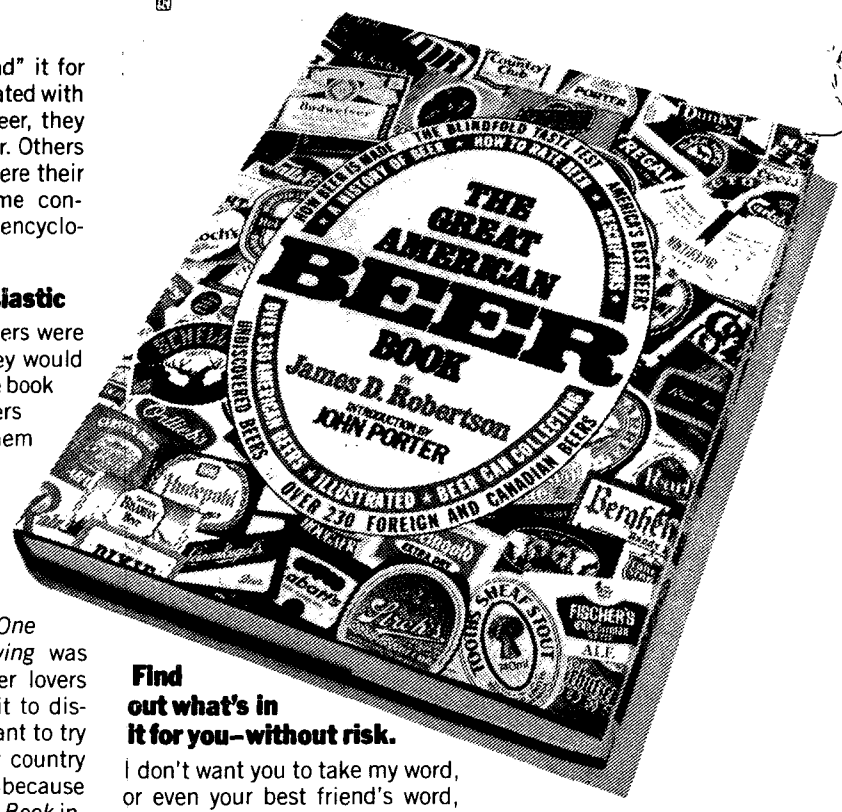
Beer lovers enthusiastic

As I had hoped, beer lovers were delighted that at last they would be able to own a complete book on beer. New beer drinkers reported that it helped them tremendously in finding exactly the beer they want to stay with.

Brewers who were good enough to look at the manuscript said it is the best beer book since *One Hundred Years of Brewing* was published in 1903. Beer lovers who travel plan to use it to discover what beers they want to try in different areas of our country and in foreign lands—because *The Great American Beer Book* includes beers from all over the world.

A perfect holiday gift idea

Every book lover on your list—beer drinker or otherwise—will be delighted to add this handsome book to their library. With its rich hard cover library binding, wealth of illustrations, many in full color, and oversize pages, it is a worthy addition to any collection of fine books. But more important, its contents will be of interest to every cultivated person. I didn't write *The Great American Beer Book* just for beer lovers and brewers—but for everybody who ever opens a book. I wrote it for historians, for students and scholars, for business people (especially those in advertising and marketing), for other writers, for researchers, for reporters, and for people who just enjoy an entertaining book. I think you'll appreciate that when you read it yourself—and you'll agree that it is a perfect gift idea for many of your personal and business friends.



Find out what's in it for you—without risk.

I don't want you to take my word, or even your best friend's word, and neither do my publishers. So here's the offer they're making: *Send just $14.95, plus $1.25 for shipping and handling. Keep the book for ten days. Notice its hard-cover binding, its big "coffee table" format, its intriguing full-color illustrations and old etchings and engravings of beer labels, early beer advertising, nostalgic and historic brewing scenes. Flip through its pages, or read it cover to cover if you like. If you're not satisfied you can* still *return it for an immediate, cheerful return of your money.*

So you see, you risk nothing by sending for my new book. But once you see this handsomely designed volume and hold it in your own hands, I'm sure you'll want to keep it in your library—to read thoroughly, to dip into time after time for entertainment, to go back to often for beer information you can't get elsewhere. *Sincerely,*
Jim Robertson

At your bookseller—or use this coupon

To: **Caroline House Publishers, P.O. Box 738—Dept A, Ottawa, IL 61350**
Yes, send me *The Great American Beer Book* for 10-day examination.
___ Deluxe hardbound edition(s) @ $14.95 plus $1.25 postage and handling: $ _____
___ Softbound edition(s) @ $8.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling $ _____
☐ Check or Money Order for $ _____ enclosed. Total $ _____
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ Bank Americard

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

A MSSY000-- 001 7812 0 1 1
MOSSEY LEARNING
RESOURCES CENTER
HILLSDALE COLLEGE
HILLSDALE MI 49242

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED